Commentary

Volume Sixty-three, Number Five, May 1977

THE ISSUE OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Walter Laqueur

Ambassador Morgenthau's Story — Barbara W. Tuchman

Losing Sight — Eleanor Clark

Europe Breaks Apart — Michael Ledeen

Zionism and Jewish Identity — Jacob Katz

MUSIC: Samuel Lipman on Horowitz

FICTION: John Romano on Cheever

MOVIES: William S. Pechter on Fellini

BOOKS: Edward N. Luttwak / Paul Hollander / Dorothy Rabinowitz
William J. Bennett / Mark Falcoff / Carl Gershman

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Commentary

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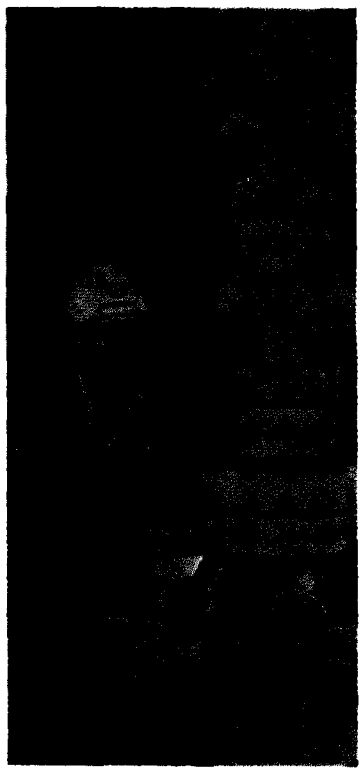

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Letters from Readers

"Anglocommunism"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Robert Moss ["Anglocommunism?," February] is an effective polemicist, but after admiring the vigor with which he chews the scenery, I'm not sure I detect much substance in his art. Regarding his conclusion that Britain is teetering toward totalitarianism, it is necessary to respond with a verdict of not proved.

Mr. Moss's analogy between Britain and the Third World is amusing if ultimately not very satisfying. His strenuous effort to demonstrate that Britain is already six-tenths of the way toward realizing the aims of the *Communist Manifesto* is followed by a leap in logic: "Once that is achieved, you can forget about democracy." Perhaps Mr. Moss intends this comment to apply only to the views of Hugh Jenkins and his left-wing colleagues in the Tribune Group, but I take him, rather, to be arguing that it is impossible in the long run to be both democratic and socialistic. In other words, he accepts as a given a central tenet of economic determinism—namely, that the political system exists only as a reflection of underlying economic realities. This is certainly a debatable proposition (though a curious basis for an attack on Marxism). However, Mr. Moss does not bother to debate it; he treats it as if it were self-evident, which it is not.

Mr. Moss is on firmer ground when he discusses the penetration of anti-democratic elements into the Trades Union Congress. Indeed, he makes much less of this point than it deserves. On the other hand, he makes altogether too much of the fact that a Trotskyite, Andy Bevan, has recently been appointed as the Labor party's national youth organizer. While Sid Bidwell may not have said it elegantly, he is, of course, correct that "there have always been Reds in the Labor party." Certainly the example of Andy Bevan is *not* enough "to demonstrate the extent to which British socialism has succumbed to . . . the 'totalitarian temptation.'"

Before assenting to them, one must request some evidence for Mr. Moss's assertions that parliamentary institutions are decaying, that the rule of law is under serious attack, that dissent is in danger of being squelched—evidence, in short, that the vision of the apocalypse which the article presents is more than a fevered expression of distaste for policies that Mr. Moss regards as ruinous and for people whom he manifestly dislikes.

No one doubts that Britain is in trouble both economically and politically. The *Economist* (for which Mr. Moss labors) offers weekly proof of that. But as a faithful reader of that publication and an occasional visitor to Britain, I see no reason to believe that Britain's unwritten constitution is so fragile that it will blow away in a heavy gale or that the British people are so little attached to their parliamentary traditions that they will fling them away or allow them to be desecrated without a struggle.

NORMAN I. GELMAN
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Robert Moss is far too pessimistic about Britain's future. Obviously he has access to more detailed information than most of us, but even the pages of the *Economist* give a solid basis for a far more optimistic view. From this source one learns that the rate of inflation has been cut drastically during the past two years, and that during this same period the trade unions have accepted a severe limitation on wage increases that leaves the average worker with less purchasing power than he had before. Also, the oil now flowing from the North Sea is substantially easing Britain's balance-of-payments problem. And this present heavy flow is rapidly increasing as new wells and pipelines are completed. Of course, there are serious problems for the country that was bled white in the two world wars—unemployment above a million, inflation still high, an industrial establishment partly obsolete, a labor force frustrated, and a middle class that has watched its standard of living decline and is looking for a way out. But the spirit that led the people of these islands after the fall of France in 1940 to stand alone against the brutal might of Hitler . . . is still very much in evidence. . . .

According to Mr. Moss, "Britain has traveled more than two-thirds of the way to becoming a fully communist society. . . ." Perhaps so, but

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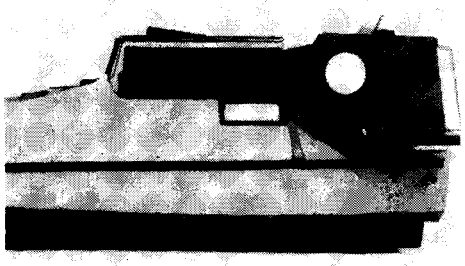

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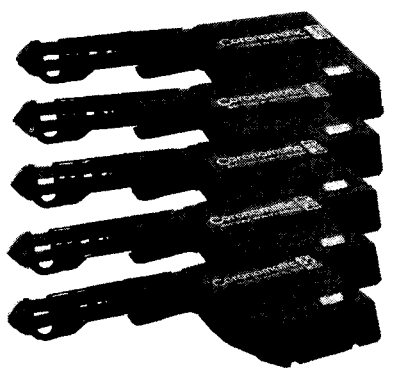

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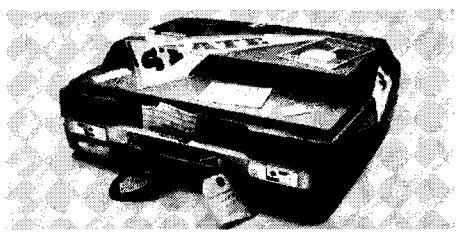

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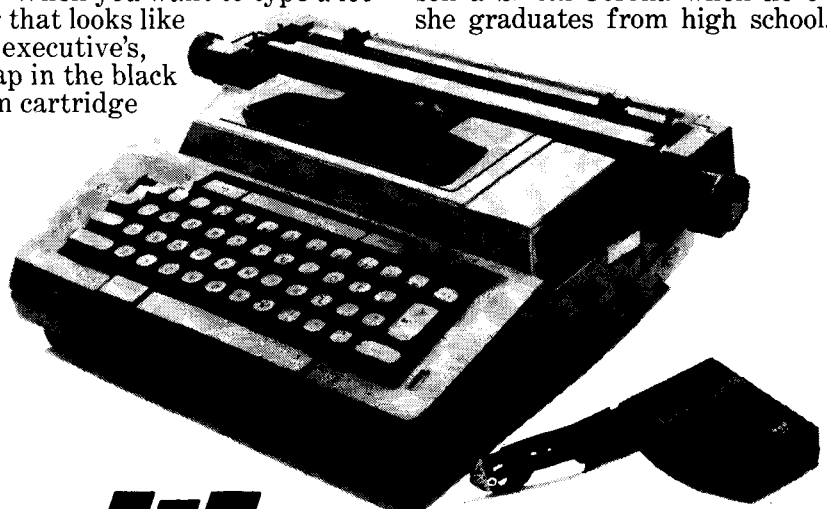

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to me the evidence he presents is entirely unconvincing. I have long placed the British Labor party in the same group with the social democrats of other European countries such as Norway and Sweden. And even after reading Mr. Moss's article, I am still inclined to do so. . . .

HUGH CARTER

Washington, D.C.

ROBERT MOSS writes:

I am delighted that Britain's friends across the waters put up such a spirited defense of this down-at-heel country. There are those of us on this side, too, who believe that not all is lost. But it is still true that absence makes the heart grow fonder. Anyone who wants to help Britain today should remember that the kind of national will that enabled the country to stand alone against Hitler is more difficult to develop when the challenges are internal (and very complex) and that Britain's past success in "muddling through" is no guide to what is to come.

I am accused of apocalyptic fevers (I see that the *Nation* has coined the term "Mossianic") and both Norman I. Gelman and Hugh Carter challenge me to produce more evidence about the totalitarian trends in the British Labor movement. Let me offer a few more examples of why it is no longer accurate to describe the Labor party as a social-democratic party in the sense that Mr. Carter wields the term (although I would readily accept that it includes many social democrats, and that the Prime Minister is one of them):

1) The General Secretary of Britain's Labor party, Ron Hayward, pays frequent visits (on a party-to-party basis) to the Communist party chiefs in Eastern Europe. This is an ominous departure from the practice of his predecessors. On a visit to East Berlin in 1975, he remarked that "I see Mr. Honecker as a man of wisdom and experience, very proud of the GDR and with every right to be proud." Is that the way a social democrat should describe one of the most rigidly Stalinist of Europe's Communist dictators? Mr. Hayward has also written for the British Communist organ, the *Morning Star*.

2) Many Labor MP's associate with Communist-front organizations like the World Peace Council, write for Communist publications like the *Morning Star* and the *Labor Monthly*, speak at Communist rallies, and dabble in import-export business with the Soviet bloc. A recent document issued by the Social Democratic Alliance—which stands in the Gaiteskellite tradition of social democracy and is therefore assailed by the Left as "hysterically right-wing"—listed 33 Labor MP's, including the Minister for Overseas Development, as members of "Labor's Fifth Column." The list could easily be trebled if one based the criterion for membership on whether the MP has ever voted in a way that is contrary to the Soviet interest.

3) As I observed in my article, the Labor party is dominated by the trade-union leadership which is dominated in turn by the Marxist or fellow-traveling Left. Hugh Scanlon, leader of the powerful engineers' union (the AUEW), is a nominal Labor supporter but was a Communist for twenty years and still backs Communist candidates against Labor candidates in union elections. He has said that in his ideal society labor would be "directed" by the state, which would make his role the exact equivalent of that of his East European counterparts—i.e., state labor manager and factory policeman. Clive Jenkins, the voluble Welsh secretary of the white-collar-workers' union (ATSMS), has called on the British people to "nourish" the Soviet state.

Do these things matter? Is Britain's unwritten constitution being undermined? Part of the trouble is that Britain is insufficiently defended—in the absence of a supreme court or a codified constitution—against new legislation, promoted by a minority government (often at the behest of left-wing union leaders), that strikes at the heart of the tradition of English common law and the original Bill of Rights. There is no definition of basic liberties that should lie beyond the scope of government interference, and so the way is clear—when the votes in Parliament can be scraped together—for legislation that imperils press freedom or seeks to confer exceptional powers on unrepresentative union officials.

Mr. Gelman raises an intriguing question: can you have both democracy and socialism? But this puts us back in the semantic jungle. If he means (as he appears to mean) the kind of socialism defined in the *Communist Manifesto*, then I am convinced the answer is no. Trotsky gave the reason. When the state is the sole employer, he observed, "opposition becomes a slow form of starvation." I am not saying, with Marx, that the political system is merely the reflection of underlying economic realities. For example, economic pluralism does not lead, through some inexorable process, to political pluralism and democratic institutions. But I have yet to see any evidence that political pluralism is possible in the absence of economic pluralism.

I, too, hope that Britain's constitutional tradition will not be "desecrated without a struggle." As one of the strugglers, I can assure COMMENTARY readers that not everyone over here is reconciled to Anglocommunism.

[*Additional correspondence on Robert Moss's article will appear next month.*—ED.]

Party & Faction

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Daniel P. Moynihan ["Party and International Politics," February] errs in his comments on the American Founders. Senator Moynihan writes: "For all the genius of the framers of the American Constitution, they did not foresee, indeed strove with all their unexampled ingenuity to prevent, the emergence of 'faction.' And yet faction there was almost from the outset, and most would agree that faction has had much to do with the stability of the American political system, or at least of its capacity to endure."

It is certainly true that Madison, Hamilton, *et al.* strove to prevent the emergence of faction; it is highly questionable whether faction, as *they* understood that term, has had much to do with the stability of the American system. In *Federalist* No. 10 Madison defined faction as follows: "By a faction I understand a number of citizens, whether amounting to a majority or minority of the whole, who are united and actuated by some common impulse of passion, or of interest, *adverse* to the rights of other citizens, or to the permanent and aggregate interests of the whole" (emphasis added). Would Senator Moynihan accept that as a description of the Democratic party today? Would Madison?

Senator Moynihan might have caught himself if he had remem-

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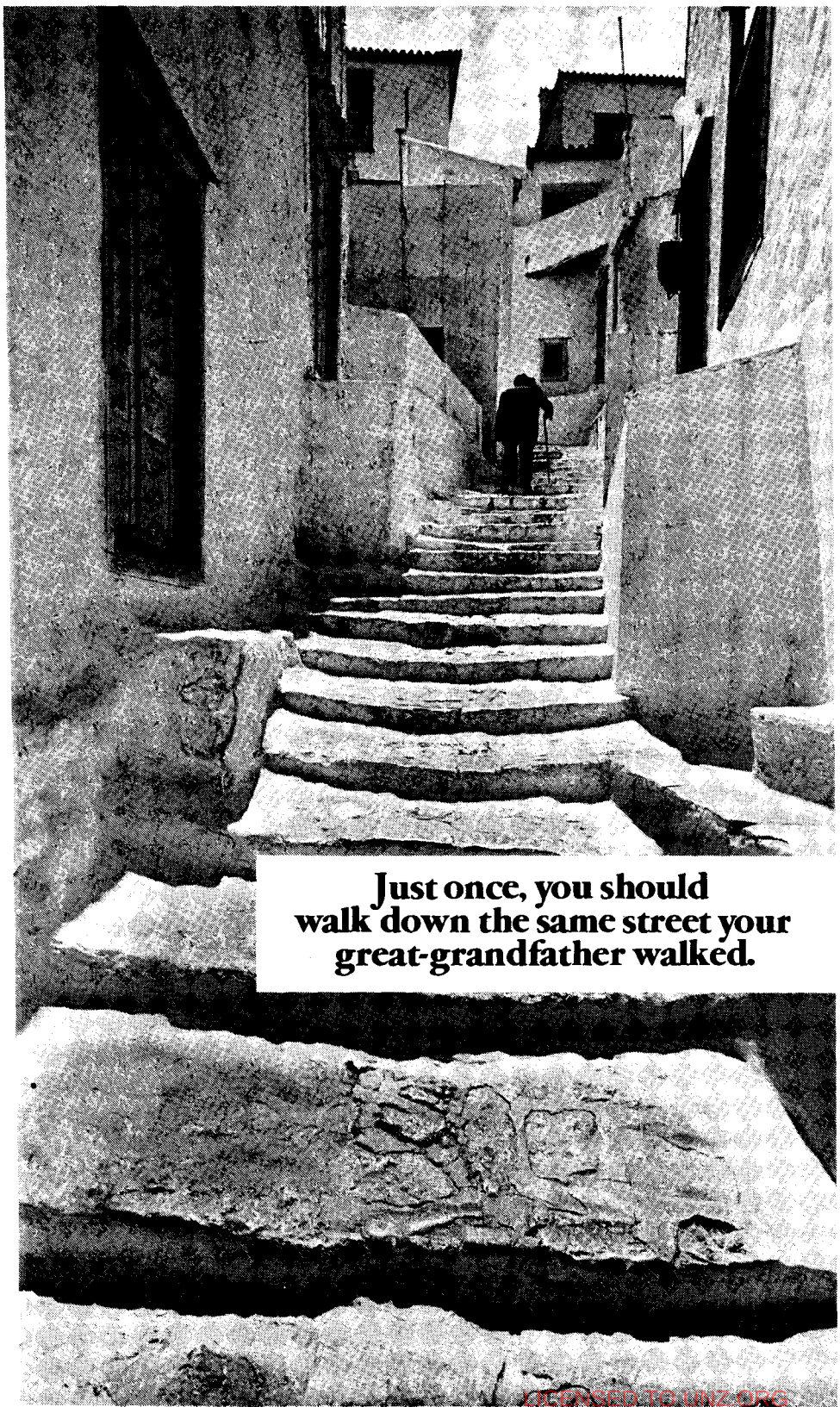
All of us come from someplace else.



Just once, you should walk down the same street your great-grandfather walked.

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bered Burke's distinction between party and faction. According to Harvey Mansfield, Jr. (whose work on Burke is cited approvingly by Senator Moynihan in his essay): ". . . Burke is the first partisan of the two-party (or multi-party) system. Of course, not every group is a true party; some are factions. The difference between a party and a faction is that a party has principles, other than common ambition, which serve to make it independent. . . ."

DONALD R. WAGNER
Carrollton, Georgia

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN writes:

Donald R. Wagner makes a fair and useful point. I would fear, however, that many a group Burke would judge to be a party, Madison would judge to be a faction.

In my article I quite unforgivably failed to acknowledge my debt to Professor Dov Ronen of the Hebrew University, who joined me in a seminar on Ethnicity in Politics which I taught last fall at Harvard. Professor Ronen, an Africanist, is a close student of these matters and greatly contributed to my thinking, such as it was. He would be incapable, I should think, of noticing such an omission, but it is my responsibility to acknowledge it and I do so with appreciation and apology.

Interviewing Auden

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

How distressing it was to read in Jonathan Wilson's review of *Writers at Work: The Paris Review Interviews, Fourth Series* [Books in Review, February] that Auden was "made to suffer the silliest interview." Suffered, indeed. Those who have read the post-30's Auden must realize that his was an essentially comic genius—poetry *buffa*, not so damn *seria*—and none who knew him well would deny that, at his most personally engaging, he could, would, be as silly as any goose, or any opera.

There is of course among literati an endemic gravity which is projected upon eminence as if by a penlight on a Cinerama screen: that faint spotlight you see, they will tell you, is all that needs be known.

That spotlight, of course, would be the interview format, with the interviewee's imagination constituting the screen; what is required of the interviewer, therefore, is light—a quantum of levity, gravity's opposite and rainbow. A person's style of humor is embodied in the spectrum of his associations and their arrangement in context. That Auden would speak of Mickey Mouse and the Devil in the same breath tells us more about this poet (and the poet Disney) than any number of pious projections.

MICHAEL NEWMAN
The Paris Review
New York City

JONATHAN WILSON writes:

Michael Newman's metaphors are as confused as his ideas. Had I written "Auden enjoyed the silliest interview," he would no doubt have been satisfied. However, it was not Auden's silliness that was in question, and I am surprised to find that Mr. Newman, who neglects to mention that it was he himself who conducted the interview with Auden, should do his former teacher the disservice of suggesting that (if I read his metaphor correctly) he merely asked silly questions in order to pander to Auden's tastes.

With regard to "comic genius," it is hard to accept that such questions as "What is that big book over there?" and "What's the name of your cat?" were likely to provoke any particularly profound seriocomic responses from the poet. As for *buffa*, I suggest that Mr. Newman attempt to apply the term to such post-30's poems as "The Shield of Achilles" and "In Praise of Limestone," and then consider his loose application of Italian words to the work of a poet so deeply rooted in the English language.

The Abu Daoud Case

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I would like to add a few remarks to Sandra E. Rapoport's analysis of the legal aspects of the Abu Daoud case ["Abu Daoud and the Law," March].

Critics of the French action contend that under the Franco-German treaty the French government was obligated to detain Daoud for a minimum of twenty days, and that under the Franco-Israeli treaty Daoud should have been detained for an even longer period—sixty days. The French reply was that the twenty-day limit "applies only to the transmission of the dossier supporting a request for provisional arrest, provided the request has

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been confirmed through diplomatic channels. This not being the case four days after the arrest, the French court had no choice." Though this reply is correct in the sense that the French government was not *obligated* to detain Daoud for a minimum of twenty days, neither was it obligated to release him on the fourth day, as it did. For nothing in the applicable extradition treaty or law deprived the government of its discretion to hold him longer, especially in view of the magnitude of his alleged crimes and the fact that he could also have been prosecuted for the crime of entering France on a false passport.

But even if one agrees that the French court was technically correct in its ruling in the Franco-German instance, no such agreement is possible in the Israeli case. In contrast to the formal defect found in West Germany's provisional arrest request, the court could find none in Israel's request, which fulfilled all the technical requirements for provisional arrest, including diplomatic notification. On learning of Daoud's presence in France, the Jerusalem court had immediately issued an arrest warrant on January 10, and a request for provisional arrest was transmitted to the French authorities through Interpol and through the Israeli ambassador in careful compliance with the procedure set out in Article 10 of the 1971 Franco-Israeli extradition treaty. Accordingly, the reasons cited by the court for rejecting the Israeli request went to the merits of its actual extradition application—which Israel had not yet submitted—not simply its request for temporary arrest pending receipt of that application. The French prosecutor acted prematurely in referring the case to the court before Israel, as the requesting state, had forwarded its formal extradition application.

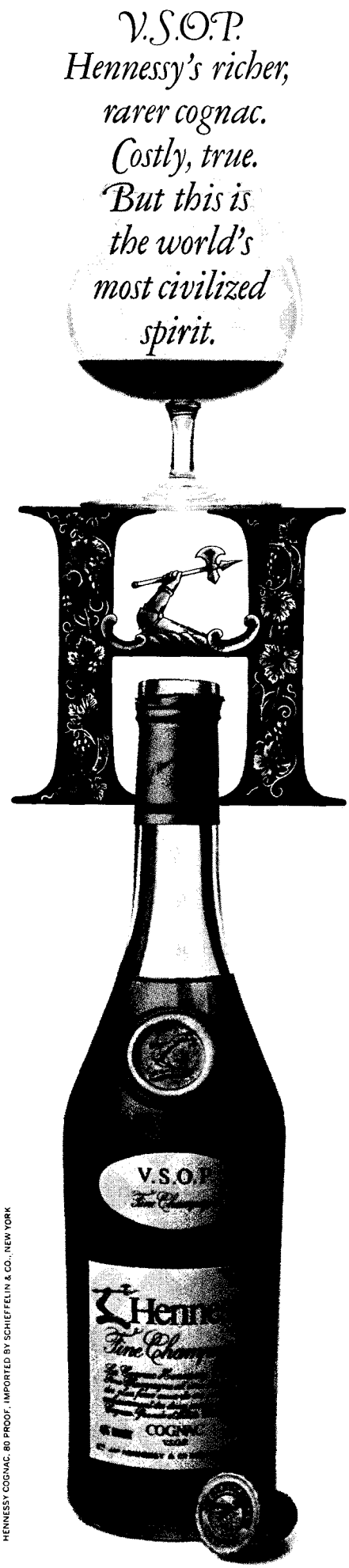
Presumably because French court decisions are typically laconic, the reasoning in the decision on Israel's extradition request was not spelled out. Nor have subsequent statements from official French sources furnished the missing explanations, either as to the court's view of the status and effect of the 1971 Franco-Israeli treaty—which the decision merely cited as a "given" without further comment—or why it considered that the 1975 statutory extension of the court's competence (beyond the limits of the 1927 law) to enable it to try extra-territorial crimes by foreigners against Frenchmen—obviously a key issue—could not be applied retroactively. As to the latter holding, the decision merely gave the question-begging explanation that to do so would prejudice the situation of the "foreigner who is the subject of the present proceedings."

The skeletal nature of the decision has obliged commentators to hypothesize as to the reasoning. Mrs. Rapoport, for example, imputes to the court the view—which she correctly declares is mistaken—that the Franco-Israeli treaty did not enter into force until 1975 and therefore could not apply retroactively to the Munich crimes of 1972, when the fact is that it was in force in 1971. Actually, however, this was not a link in the court's chain of reasoning which, more likely, concerned the question of double-criminality, which Mrs. Rapoport does not discuss: namely, whether the acts attributed to Abu Daoud were triable crimes in both the requesting and requested states, the court's conclusion being that since French courts were not competent to try them, even though the Israeli courts were, the double-criminality requirement of the otherwise applicable treaty was not fulfilled.

That the court's reasoning was faulty is not difficult to establish. To begin with, though the first paragraph of Article 2 of the 1971 treaty, providing for extradition in the case of "any offense punishable under the law of *each* Contracting Party," suggests a requirement of double-criminality, this is not at all true of later paragraphs of the same article. Several of these specifiy offenses which are made extraditible without reference to the law of the requested state (France).

This interpretation is consistent with the view expressed by the eminent French jurist Maurice Rolland, who (in an article in *Le Monde*, January 15, 1977) criticized the Chambre d'Accusation for laying down "a principle of reciprocity which is not written in the texts. It should simply have verified if an Israeli law was applicable," as in fact was the case, i.e., Israel's law of March 28, 1972. Israel's demand was legitimate, he asserted, "since it is the legislation of the demanding state, in this instance Israel, which alone should be taken into consideration in such a case."

But even assuming that M. Rolland is in error and that the treaty should indeed be interpreted to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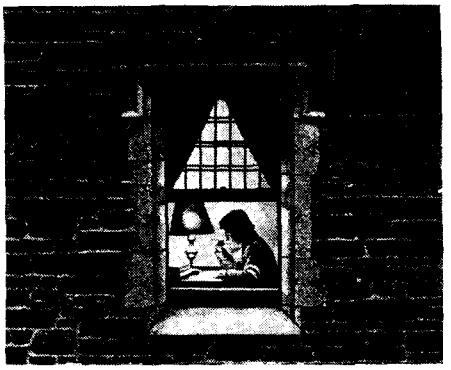

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require double-criminality, the court was mistaken in the way it applied this concept. For it applied it to require that the accused—a foreigner who committed his alleged crimes on foreign soil—be triable in both the requested and requesting states, when all it need have determined was whether, at the time of the extradition proceeding, his "acts" would be considered crimes if committed on the territory of each. Surely there was no question that the horrible killings—whether of aliens or nationals—of the kind that occurred at Munich would be considered at that time crimes if committed inside either France or Israel—or indeed in any country. And surely, extradition to Israel would not have put France in the morally questionable position of having to turn over the accused to another state for punishment for acts which were not "wrongful" or "criminal" under France's own concepts of criminality at that time. From this perspective, the court introduced an irrelevancy in basing its judgment on the jurisdictional issue, on its competence to try such an individual.

But apparently, the court did apply the double-criminality rule in this sense to require as a condition of extradition that the accused—a foreigner who committed a crime on foreign soil—be triable in the courts of France as well as of the requesting state. Since he was not triable in France under its 1927 law—the court reasoned—and since this law was not superseded by the 1975 statute enlarging the court's competence to enable it to try such persons (i.e., to recognize the "passive-personality" principle), the double-criminality requirement was not met and therefore extradition could not be granted.

But this reasoning is also mistaken. As explained by M. Rolland, "The court overlooked one of the great principles of our penal code, in accordance with which only the retroactivity of offenses should not be acceptable, whereas the laws relative to penal procedure, notably those concerning competence, are immediately applicable to any trial in progress." . . .

In short, the court should have upheld the applicability of the 1975 law to the crimes of Munich, thus giving the French court competence, fulfilling the double-criminality requirement of the 1971 treaty, and hence mandating extradition.

Mrs. Rapoport quite properly draws attention to the 1976 European anti-terrorism convention as germane to the Abu Daoud case, even though the convention is not yet in force. She focuses on the critical principle in this treaty depriving accused terrorists of the exemption based on the claim that their acts were "political" in nature. It is to be hoped that this treaty will receive before long the ratifications needed to bring it into force, despite the glaring loophole in Article 13 which permits states to ratify with a reservation allowing them to opt out of this very commitment: i.e., permitting them to regard terrorist offenses as "political," requiring only that they undertake to "take into due consideration . . . any particularly serious aspects of the offenses." That France will not resort to this reservation is far from certain.

Mrs. Rapoport would apply to terrorists the international legal principle of "universal jurisdiction" as applied to "pirates" who are recognized as the "common enemies of all mankind." Regrettably, the fate of efforts to date to persuade the UN to agree on meaningful measures to deal with international terrorism does not suggest that the international community has endorsed this principle or is anywhere near doing so. At the suggestion of the UN Secretary-General following the Munich events, the General Assembly set up an ad-hoc committee to consider measures to cope with international terrorism. On the insistence of the Arab members, backed by the Communist and radical Third World members, the Assembly requested the committee to study at the same time the "root causes" of terrorism. The debates that have taken place at meetings of this committee in the last few years reveal how far indeed the international community is from such agreement. . . . The participants in these exchanges talk past one another with no expectation of agreement. France, be it noted, is not among the leading spokesmen for forceful international action in this field.

SIDNEY LISKOFSKY
New York City

China and Tibet

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Edward N. Luttwak ["Seeing China Plain," December 1976] has done a great service by presenting

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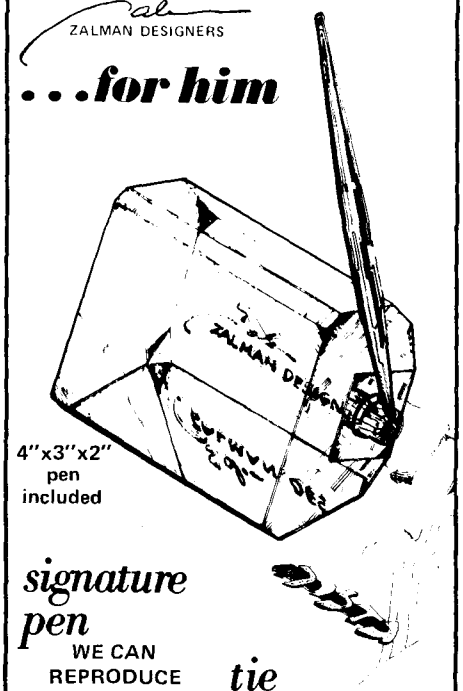
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the deeper realities of the People's Republic of China and its colonial treatment of countries like Tibet. Our information completely supports Mr. Luttwak's conclusions.

It is unfortunate that the American public's chief source of information about the current situation in Tibet should be Neville Maxwell's recent series of articles in the New York *Times*. Mr. Maxwell universally praised the Chinese achievements and condemned pre-1950 Tibet but completely ignored the Chinese violation of human rights and fundamental freedoms in Tibet. Mr. Luttwak's article, on the other hand, was commendable. . . .

TINLEY N. AKAR
The Office of Tibet
New York City

The Holocaust

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The enthusiasm for *The Memory of Justice* seems to reflect a lack of discernment, notwithstanding Marcel Ophuls's opinion [Letters from Readers, March, in a discussion of Dorothy Rabinowitz's "Ophuls: Justice Misremembered," December 1976]. The average moviegoer comes away from the film with the impression that the crimes of the German Nazis were just another case of man's inhumanity to man, perhaps escalated through sophisticated technical means, but basically part of the same phenomenon. This is the misinterpretation which threatens to rob us of Auschwitz's ghastly lesson. True, throughout history, genocide has been perpetrated, and it is not even necessary to look as far away as Armenia, or Biafra, or Vietnam—the American Indians are near enough. But as staggering a figure as is the six million, as fathomless a number for our minds, this is not the problem on which to focus our attention. It is the character of the extermination of the Jews by the Nazis that was without precedent.

First, Japan, Algeria, and Vietnam were in a state of war, so that although the ruthlessness of the killing of civilians was dreadful, it must be pointed out that the civilians belonged to a belligerent country. Such was not the case with the Jews. Nothing can even remotely justify the cool, calculated murder of 1,800,000 children.

Second . . . what made the crimes of the Nazis unique and unspeakable was their systematic—whether swift or long-drawn-out—degradation, debasement, and defilement of what makes man man. The relentless attempt at breaking man's self-respect, at undermining and finally annihilating his humanness, to the point of robbing him of dignity in death—this is the unforgivable sin. Such dehumanization is the intrinsic evil, it attacks the very root of human life. Therein lies its difference from other genocides, a difference of unparalleled importance and one which contains an ominous warning for us today. . . .

CLAIRE HUCHET-BISHOP
New York City

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ writes:

I thank Claire Huchet-Bishop for her letter, but the notion that the German attempt to exterminate Jewry was different from other genocides because of the *means* that were used is, I fear, far from the central significance of the Holocaust. The cold-blooded murder of three-quarters of the Jews of Europe is itself sufficient to establish the uniqueness of the event, and its difference from those other tragedies of war, famine, and belligerence which the world is pleased to call genocide.

On the Right

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In her critique of the New Right and its political proposals ["Why the New Right Lost," February], Jeane Kirkpatrick objects that "the New Right theory of American politics" is mistaken "because it is based on an oversimplified conception of ideology in contemporary American politics." Oversimplification is an easy charge to lay at the door of almost any generalizer, but it is amusing to note how blithely Mrs. Kirkpatrick has fallen into the very error for which she condemns "Phillips, Buchanan, Rusher, Whalen, and their allies."

What we named four have in common is primarily a perception that liberalism as an ideology no longer commands the allegiance of a majority of American voters; that it is, in fact, in disorderly retreat, under heavy attack by various new combinations of forces and ideas. What is to be *done* about this important fact—which principles ought to replace liberalism, and by what means, and to what end—are matters of sharp disagreement among the four of us, not to be glossed over by lumping us all indiscriminately under some conven-

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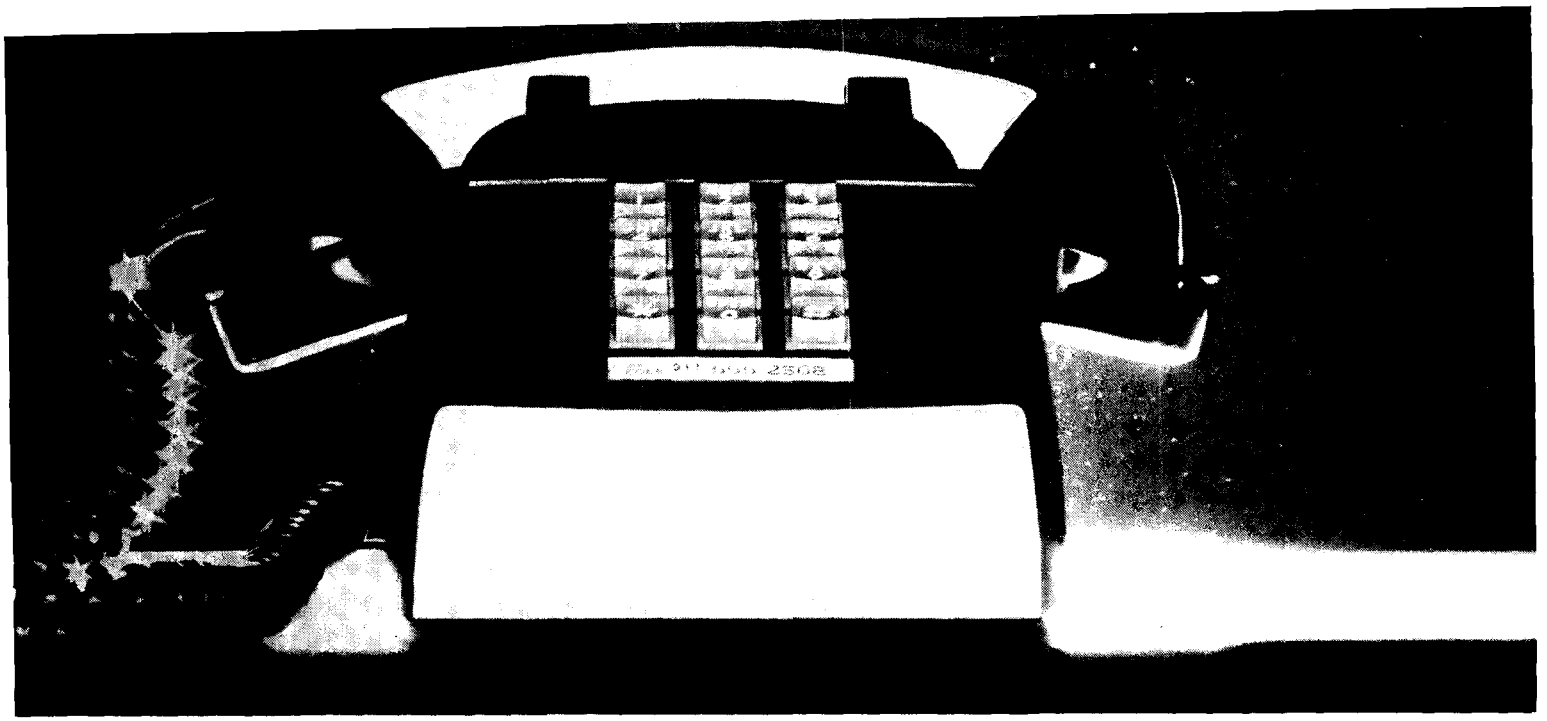

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ient rubric such as the New Right.

If, for example, Patrick Buchanan has ever gotten around to anything more than a casual flirtation with the idea of bolting the GOP, it has escaped my notice. Mrs. Kirkpatrick herself describes him as "the most 'Republican' of the leading conservative intellectuals," and, so far as I can see, Buchanan's long marriage to the Republican party is in little danger of going on the rocks. Richard Whalen, conversely, as she accurately notes, has tended to believe that "conservatives might be more comfortable in a Democratic party led by Henry Jackson." As for Kevin Phillips, he has at least intermittently shared my conviction that neither of the two present parties is likely to prove the most effective vehicle for the expression of those sentiments broadly called "conservative." But Phillips has tended to regard the neo-populist (or, as I prefer to call it, the "social-conservative") sector of the electorate as capable of waging and winning, all by itself, the battle for control of the central levers of American society—and thereafter operating those levers for its own sweet benefit. I, on the contrary, believe that conservatism can constitute a united and fully effective majority in contemporary America only if the "social conservatives" (many of them former Democrats) can be effectively allied with the "economic conservatives" (most of whom are presently Republicans) in a new political vehicle reflecting, as any major party in this country must, not only broad areas of agreement but others on which compromise will be required.

I insist on these distinctions because my own view spares me the trouble of defending all sorts of dubious propositions that Mrs. Kirkpatrick understandably enjoys demolishing but which form no part of my own conception of the political landscape. Thus, whatever Buchanan or any other strictly Republican conservative strategist—e.g., Ronald Reagan—may think, I certainly do not hold the view (which Mrs. Kirkpatrick rightly dismisses as a myth) that there is a conservative majority in this country ready to spring to the support of any *Republican* presidential nominee willing to sound a clear enough conservative note on his trumpet. The Republican party suffers from fatal defects of both image and structure, and for these reasons it has repeatedly failed to win significant numbers of social conservatives to its banner, no matter how conservative its candidates. Vast numbers of such conservatives stayed with Johnson in 1964, bolted to Wallace in 1968, and rejoined the Democratic party when it nominated Carter in 1976. The election of 1972 was the only one in which these voters went Republican, and that, as Mrs. Kirkpatrick correctly observes, was solely because the Democrats had nominated McGovern—a blunder we can scarcely expect to be repeated very often. The conservative majority, I submit, is very much "there," but large parts of it are far from comfortable in the GOP, and it is therefore wellnigh impossible to unite it permanently under the Republican banner. (This is particularly true if conservatives intend to compete effectively with the Democratic party for control of Congress.)

Mrs. Kirkpatrick necessarily relies heavily on the brilliant but (perhaps inevitably) exaggerated insights of Phillips into the social structure of modern America to fortify her contention that "the postulated 'new' conservative majority . . . could come into being if and only if the economic issues on which the traditional political cleavages were based remained less salient than the social and cultural cleavages of the late 60's" (which, she implies, were transient). But were many of the social cleavages underlying the politics of the late 60's really so much less economic, in their fundamental characteristics, than the class rivalries so skillfully exploited by Roosevelt's New Deal? I do not understand even Phillips to be saying so; he has spoken vividly of the "Knowledge Industry," even of the "Communications Establishment"—terms that would surely be intelligible to the most devout economic determinist. What does the phrase "the welfare ripoff" imply if not a (widely held) perception that transfer payments from the producing to the nonproducing sectors of our society have gotten seriously out of hand? That is precisely why I have steadfastly emphasized, in my own analysis of the relevant fracture-line in our contemporary politics, the patently *economic* struggle between producers and non-producers.

But enough of the points on which Mrs. Kirkpatrick and I tend not so much to collide as merely to pass in the night; we have our serious disagreements as well. She is at some pains to argue that the compromise I deem essential (between social and economic conservatives) is for all practical purposes impossible. She recites the familiar litany concerning the supposedly irreconcilable desires of the two groups: the loyalty of economic conservatives to laissez-faire economics versus the support of many social conservatives for "an active role for government in the economic sphere." I am tempted to dismiss such allegedly insuperable obstacles to union with the reminder that Mencken described the Democratic party of his own day as "two gangs of natural enemies in a precarious state of symbiosis." But the truth is that, even as Mrs. Kirkpatrick labored over her critique, the once-imposing edifice of working-class support for big government has been crumbling on every side. If there is one idea that is selling at a fire-sale discount in America today, it is the notion that government intervention is a very plausible cure for anything at all. Not even the AFL-CIO advocates price controls any more, and Humphrey-Hawkins is for all practical purposes a dead letter. Nobody, of course—certainly no likely member of the new-majority party I contemplate—would advocate a return to the era of the robber barons, or the abolition of Social Security; but compromise on the real economic issues is getting easier every day. Despite Mrs. Kirkpatrick's glib assumption to the contrary, a compromise on the remaining economic differences between economic and social conservatives, under the aegis of a new party, would be far easier to achieve, and far more profitable once achieved, than the debilitating compromises that the conservative majority in the GOP is forever being compelled to make, on economic and all other issues, with the party's liberal minority—compromises toward the Republican Left that serve only to prevent the consummation of a far more fruitful union with the non-Republican Right.

Lastly, Mrs. Kirkpatrick is simply out of date in arguing that new-majority theoreticians "misunderstand the nature of political organization." Presumably she is referring thereby (she doesn't say) to the musty fabric of courthouse politics and neighborhood social allegiances that has served as the subject of so many doctoral dissertations on the

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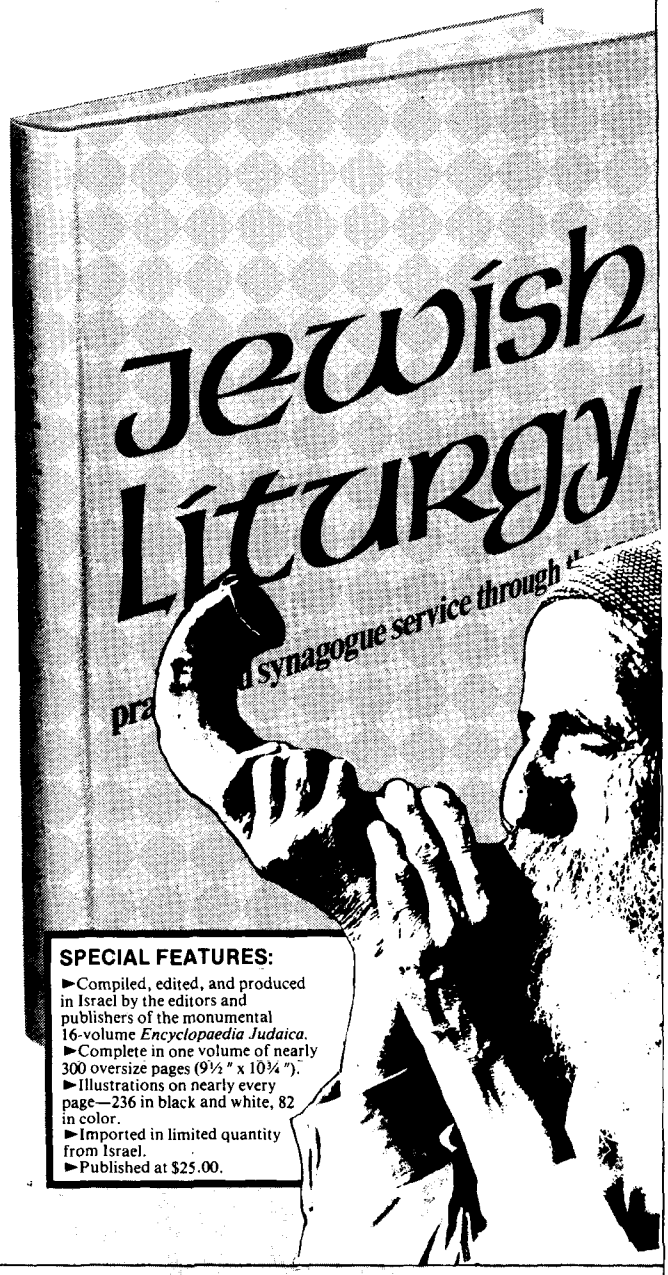

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two venerable parties to which it is still arguably relevant. But nothing is more certain than that, for the foreseeable future, the decisive forward steps in American politics are going to be initiated from the top and carried through by the organized personal followings of plausible and charismatic national candidates in close touch with the real issues; they are not going to ooze upward from the primordial slime of the clubhouses and precinct workers of yesteryear.

The New Right's strategy for 1976 (or at any rate my version of it) failed not for any of the reasons listed by Mrs. Kirkpatrick, but simply because the one such candidate who could have made it succeed—Ronald Reagan—lacked the political imagination to seek the Presidency under any banner save that of the Republican party. (When that die had been cast, John Connally—whatever else he is, an extremely shrewd judge of practical politics—offered the following assessment during a television interview in January 1976: "If Governor Reagan had said, 'I'm not going into the Republican party; I'm going to lead a third party movement in this country,' I think he could have had an enormous influence, not just this year but in the years to come.")

As matters turned out, Reagan failed to win even the Republican nomination he sought—despite his all too inevitable last-minute attempt to appease the party's liberal minority with Senator Schweiker. The Democrats, however—who are not about to die on anybody's barricades, including liberalism's—had meanwhile nominated Carter, who naturally sought to generalize his appeal but whose victory over Morris Udall, Hubert Humphrey, *et al.* can only be understood as signifying, in relative terms, a major rightward shift on the part of the Democratic party.

Confronted with a choice between Ford and Carter, the American conservative majority split once again, with a sizable part of its social-conservative component—especially the Southern and Border Protestants among them—choosing Carter. As long as Carter and his Democratic successors remain attentive to the serious demands of this bloc, they can materially impede, and perhaps even indefinitely thwart, the unification of the nation's conservative majority. Conservatives, though, may console themselves with the reflection that they have exacted, in return for their disunity, an impressive price: the implicit abandonment by the Democratic party of its forty-year commitment to passionate programmatic liberalism.

In addition, you may be sure that the search will go on—indeed, is already under way—for new conservative leaders capable of outbidding Carter and uniting social and economic conservatives in a powerful coalition of "producers" well able (and well entitled) to guide America. Such leaders may not be as far off as one might at first suppose. As a matter of fact, I see a cherub that sees one.

WILLIAM A. RUSHER
National Review
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Those of us who desire to see the triumph of conservatism in national politics do not . . . envision the elimination of the two-party system. If that were the case, we obviously would be sadly disappointed by the defeat of first Reagan and then Ford in 1976. Not to "lose" for us means, rather, to become a viable force in national politics—an accepted part of the political landscape—one which will draw unashamedly vast numbers of voters who currently believe as we do but who, for various reasons, . . . vote for individuals who pursue non-conservative goals. When conservatism becomes part of the political landscape, its triumph will not be manifested by repetitive electoral victories by the Conservative, or Independence, or Republican, or whatever, party, any more than the triumph of welfare-state politics precluded the subsequent Presidencies of Dwight Eisenhower, Richard Nixon, or Gerald Ford. . . .

Liberalism, or, more loosely, welfare-state politics, achieved its temporary victory in the last four decades by so influencing both major parties that presidential elections descended to the level of the proverbial Tweedledum vs. Tweedledee. . . . In the same manner, conservatism will triumph when it becomes so attractive to everyone that major contenders in the future will offer some variants of its creed. Indeed, Jimmy Carter, in his more lucid moments, sounds like a traditional conservative of the Russell Kirk variety.

Did the New Right really lose? Mrs. Kirkpatrick herself answers that question when she writes that, in one form or another, "it will remain with us for a very long time to come." That's half the victory right there.

ALLEN G. WEAKLAND
Cranford, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I find it surprising that Jeane Kirkpatrick displays almost no awareness of how religious inclinations and loyalties were at work in the complicated scene she described in her article.

This country is, for good or ill, "a nation with the soul of a church." Nixon managed to tap that soul. So did Carter. In fact, one could build an argument to the effect that the New Right failed to win in 1976 simply because it never got a clear and sure focus on Jimmy Carter as a religious figure. Writers like R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., plainly detested that side of Carter and mistrusted it completely, whereas elsewhere on the New Right, Carter's religiosity appeared to inspire a kind of covert, grudging admiration, and still does.

In other words, the religious factor is able both to summon a consensus and to shatter one, and all at the same time. It should not be discounted.

BARBARA NAUER
Loyola University
New Orleans, Louisiana

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Jeane Kirkpatrick . . . lumps into one category a number of highly disparate individuals, calls them collectively the New Right, and compounds the error by labeling them all conservative. . . . (Let me pause here to make a distinction that too often is either not known at all or is lost sight of: it may be said that all conservatives are men of the Right, but it may not be said with accuracy that all men of the Right are conservatives.) If one accepts Hannah Arendt's definition of ideology (as good as any I have found) as a closed thought system rooted in a premise that is *sui generis*, usually obeying some "historical imperative," and embracing a beginning, a middle, and an end, then any true conservatism—and I admit immense definitional problems here—is anti-ideological: diverse conservative intellectuals and spokesmen have been laboring for decades to make at least that much clear. Now, if one considers care-

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fully the examples Mrs. Kirkpatrick subsumes under the rubric New Right, the conclusion forces itself upon one that there is no such entity as a monolithic ideological New Right and, further, that the term conservative does not by any means apply across the board. Kevin Phillips, for example, is not a conservative, he is a neo-populist who, quite inadvertently I would argue, finds himself on the conservative side of the ledger on some issues—neo-populism is quite at odds with the mainstream of American conservative thought. . . . Even if all the people Mrs. Kirkpatrick discusses were conservative and wanted to form such a coherent whole as she envisions, they couldn't do it: homogeneity and conservatism are mutually exclusive phenomena. . . . No matter who exactly does or does not comprise it, *a* New Right, *any* New Right, cannot and will not succeed. Mrs. Kirkpatrick is correct. I would, however, expand her list of reasons.

Essentially, any such enterprise must fail because it represents, at best, a mere accumulation of interests—by its nature, a very unwieldy as well as a temporary set of arrangements. . . . There is no "center" that can "hold." Interests, as opposed to principles and values (not to be considered the same as ideology), change with the wind, are blown away to be replaced by new interests if they are not satisfied rather quickly, and—here's a paradox—if satisfied, they cease to exist as cohesive political agents *the moment satisfaction is achieved.* In either case, the new interests that must come rushing in to fill the resulting vacuum are more likely than not to be such as would fling any New Right party or its like into fractured atoms.

Finally, there is one fundamental reason for inevitable failure, one with much broader implications, not touched upon by Mrs. Kirkpatrick. New party formulations, whether of the Right or of the Left, or for that matter attempts to "fix up" existing formulations, constitute . . . an act of self-delusion—a failure to perceive or an unwillingness to face up to the real issue, which is that the necessary conditions for the functioning of democracy in all likelihood no longer prevail. These political manipulations are, in other words, acts of desperation, attempts to cure by what I would term the politics of pastiche a but-dimly-appre-

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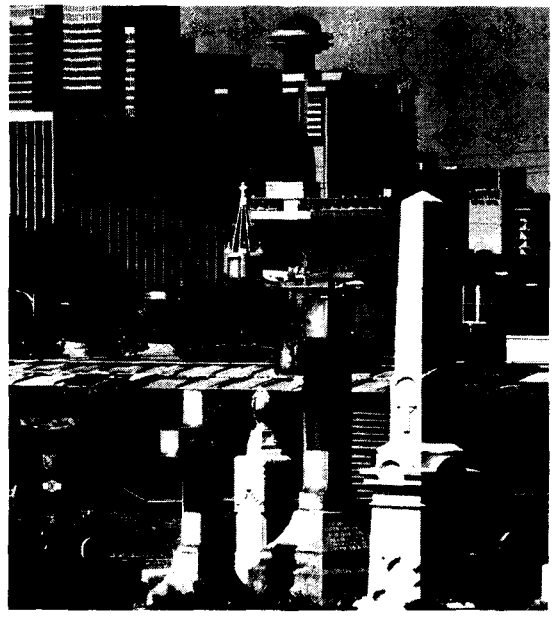

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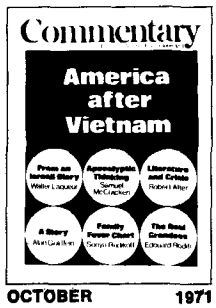

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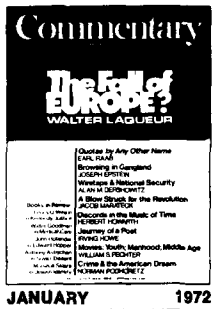

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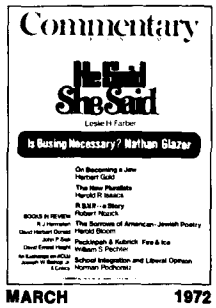

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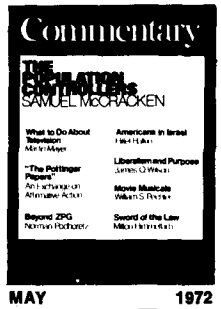

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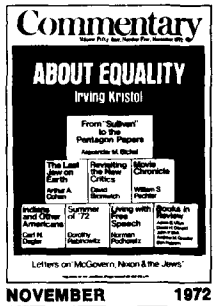

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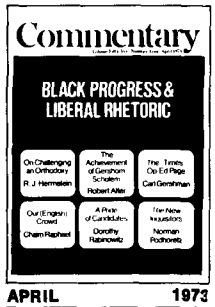

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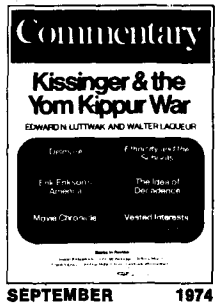

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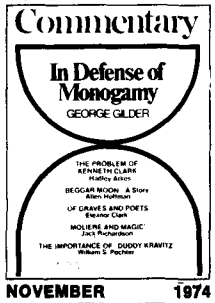

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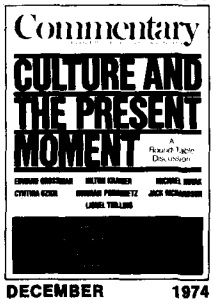

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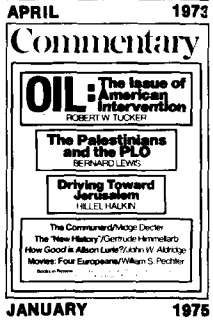

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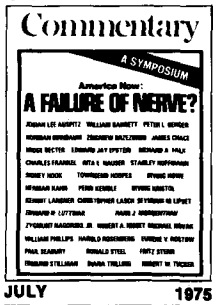

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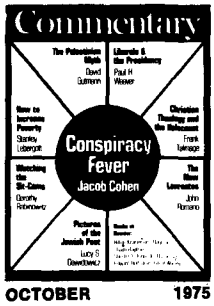

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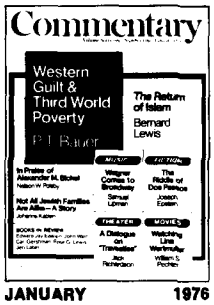

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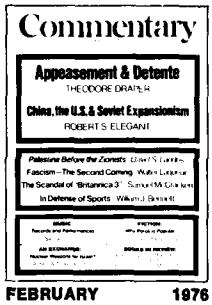

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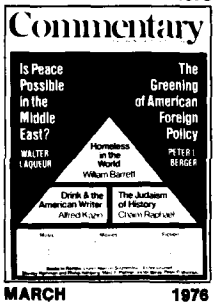
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hended political malaise that is actually merely a symptom of a profound social breakdown. . . . Throughout history certain specific preconditions have been understood as being absolutely necessary to the viability of democratic institutions. . . . As for the United States, I do not believe Tocqueville's thesis has been or can be much improved upon. An examination of prevailing circumstances, set against the background of Tocqueville's test (and this is only one of many tests that could be applied), ought to convince one that the situation in America is analogous to . . . pre-revolutionary France; that the socio-religious foundation for democracy, the ground for consensus if you will, that Tocqueville determined must exist, and thought so secure here, has long been crumbling. Whether the crumbling process has advanced beyond the point of recovery is perhaps still a debatable question. But the debate ought to be focused upon that question. . . . Fulminations regarding the formulations of parties, without assuring that there is, if I may change my metaphor, a solid framework of democracy within which parties can operate, constitute activity worthy only of some political version of the Academy of Lagado.

NEIL G. BARCLAY
Salt Lake City, Utah

JEANE KIRKPATRICK writes:

William A. Rusher is not enthusiastic about my discussion of his variant of conservative politics. Mr. Rusher's principal objections appear to be that I underestimate the "sharp disagreements" among himself, Phillips, Whalen, and Buchanan; that I overestimate the difficulties of unifying economic and social conservatives; and that I, not he, misunderstand the character of political organization. I will comment briefly on each of these criticisms.

Concerning Mr. Rusher's dissatisfaction at being "lumped" under the same rubric with Phillips, Buchanan, and Whalen, I note simply that in focusing on some areas of agreement among these activist conservative intellectuals I did not intend to imply that there were no disagreements among them. In fact, I mentioned a few. I am quite aware that Buchanan is most strongly attached to the Republican party, that Whalen is most friendly to Democrats and to the

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The Violation of Our Common Humanity Is Nobody's "Internal Affair"

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And before and since Nuremberg there have been the Charter of the United Nations, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and the Helsinki Accords. All of them stamped human rights indelibly into the fabric of international law. All of them proclaimed a universal set of human rights inviolable by any nation for any reason. All of them were signed by the Soviet Union.

But the Soviet Union has been violating human rights for years. So have Chile and Czechoslovakia and Uganda and you name it. So what else is new, you might ask. What is new is the Soviet contention that these violations are not only exclusively its "internal affair" but actually sanctified by the very Helsinki Accords whose Basket 3 provisions were designed to protect and expand those rights. In support of this contention, the Soviets cite the promise the 35 Helsinki signatories made not to interfere in each other's domestic business.

Let's set the record straight.

The so-called non-interference provision of Helsinki was intended to prevent any meddling by one signatory into the economic, diplomatic, and military affairs of another. In was never intended to be a legal blackjack for an assault on human rights. Basket 3 made that quite clear, underscoring the fact that freedom of movement, freedom of belief, and the freer dissemination of ideas were not subject to national whim, by obliging the signatories to adhere to existing covenants of international law in which those rights are set forth.

The Soviet attempt to cloak its recent human rights violations in the "legality" of the non-interference provision of Helsinki is a patent mockery of that agreement and all its underlying covenants. And those who out of some misguided conception of détente see fit to justify that mockery are the aiders and abettors of its perpetrators.

In June, representatives of the 35 signatories will meet in Belgrade to review the first two years of Helsinki. The United States will be among those delegations. As citizens and friends of the U.S. and of human rights, we urge that the American delegation insist in Belgrade on the appointment of an international commission by the World Court—or any other respected international body—with unobstructed power to do on-the-spot monitoring of compliance with Basket 3 in the countries of any of the Helsinki signatories. We further urge that the international monitors be instructed to report their findings to the signatories at the second review of the Helsinki Accords in November. Finally, we insist that a deadline be set for the termination of all Basket 3 violations found by the monitors and, if they are not terminated within the designated time to the satisfaction of the monitors, that all other provisions of the Helsinki Accords—including Baskets 1 and 2—be declared by the government of the United States to be similarly null and void.

We don't believe it will come to that.

We believe the human rights violators, once convinced that we intend to hold them to *all* the provisions of Helsinki—not just the ones they find convenient—will take steps to mend their ways. But whatever the results, this bold approach will declare America's unequivocal adherence to the rights on which this nation was founded and its refusal to be a party to their depredation.

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welfare state (though not to its accompanying bureaucracy), that Phillips is most sanguine about the electoral potential of the socially-conservative neo-populists, and that Rusher is most deeply involved in the schismatic organizational politics of the Right. Had I been writing a book or a monograph on the conservative intellectual movement, or an article on differences among conservative intellectuals, I would have spelled out these and other differences. My purpose, however, was not to analyze the political writings of particular persons, but to discuss a political perspective. The practice of focusing on "schools" or positions is common enough. Mr. Rusher may object to being discussed under a single label with persons with whom he does not wholly agree. I wonder if he would have been similarly bothered by a discussion of, say, Theodore Roszack, Herbert Marcuse, and R. D. Laing as examples of the New Left. These three share views on "linear" reason, empirical social science, capitalism, and the university, yet disagree on the role of technology in human liberation, on schizophrenia, and on various other subjects.

I suspect that Mr. Rusher's discomfort in being identified for any purposes with persons with whom he does not wholly agree reflects a tendency on his part to be more impressed by ideological disagreement than agreement. This tendency is, of course, a principal cause of the sectarianism which afflicts conservative politics and diminishes its political effectiveness by making compromise and aggregation so difficult.

Concerning compromise—I did not (as Mr. Rusher asserts) either argue or assume (glibly or otherwise) that it would be impossible to forge a union between normally Democratic pro-welfare-state social conservatives and normally Republican economic conservatives. I only emphasized that it would be difficult, and I noted that persons whose political activity is motivated only by ideological incentives have special difficulty making the kind of compromises required to forge political alliances with persons of different perspectives. Ideology was not the glue that held together political alliances of the sort which Mencken described and to which Rusher alludes. Neither did ideology hold together the Democratic party that elected Jimmy

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Carter President. That Democratic "party" comprised a loose coalition of activists and voters, some of whom were motivated by ideology, some by party identification, some by regional loyalties, some by religion, some by personal attraction to the candidate, some by hostility to the GOP, and so forth. My point about the difficulty of forging a conservative party with broad enough appeal to win elections is just this: given what we know about the diversity of reasons for actual political preferences, it seems not impossible, but unlikely, that a party which relies chiefly or exclusively on ideological appeal can attract broad enough support to win national elections under conditions of normal political competition.

Mr. Rusher is mistaken if he imagines that courthouse politics are the only alternative to ideological parties headed by charismatic leaders. The facts established by a substantial body of research (in and out of doctoral dissertations) indicate otherwise. Most party organizations in the U.S. today comprise groups of citizens who for varying reasons carry out in the name of their party such diverse, necessary, and unglamorous tasks as collecting funds and signatures, getting out votes, manning telephone banks, keeping party lists current, and selecting candidates for minor offices to run in contests which pose no ideological issues. Mr. Rusher's characterization of the bases of traditional politics as "primordial slime" illustrates better than I could the difficulties he and like-minded persons will encounter in building and sustaining a political alliance broad enough to be effective in electoral politics.

I suspect there may be more life in the traditional parties than Mr. Rusher believes. It is true, of course, that both major parties have been weakened by technological developments—notably computerized direct-mail campaigns and the electronic media—which make it possible for candidates to by-pass party organizations. The Democratic party has also been debilitated by rules which hamstring party leaders and weaken their capacity to maintain the party, and Republican strength has been eroded by demographic and cultural changes that limit its traditional appeal. The Goldwater, McCarthy, McGovern, Wallace, and Reagan campaigns illustrate how an effective candidate can mobilize issue-enthusiasts to support a candidate-centered rather than a party-centered campaign, and, more impressive still, President Carter's pre-convention campaign demonstrated how an "outsider" could mobilize support and win his party's nomination *without* an issue or an issue constituency. But it is worth noting once again that though McCarthy, McGovern, Wallace, Goldwater, and Reagan were able to muster intense support among a minority of voters, no candidacy based on a relatively narrow ideological appeal has so far won the support of a majority of the electorate.

I agree with Allen G. Weakland that losing an election does not prove that all is lost for either a

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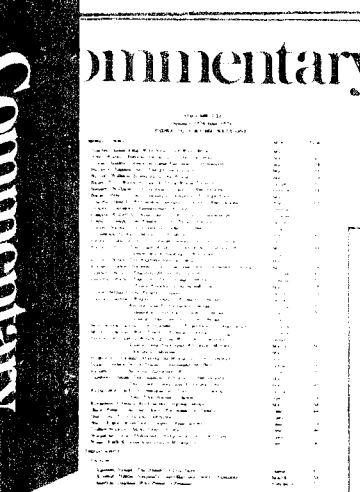

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cause or a candidate. And if "not to lose . . . means, rather, to become a viable force in national politics," then the new conservatives did not lose. Indeed, I would not have bothered to write about this perspective if I did not regard it as interesting and significant. Apparently Mr. Weakland is not much concerned with electoral victories and therefore should have no difficulty avoiding the conclusion that his side has "lost." If he can be content with awaiting the effects of a glacial movement toward the Right, then his happiness appears secure, since the slowly increasing influence and prestige of perspectives that can be reasonably termed conservative seem to me a clear feature of the intellectual history of our times. But while ideas indubitably have consequences, electoral success is not among those consequences unless the idea is translated into the kind of organization which is successful in democratic politics.

I also agree with Barbara Nauer that religion played a significant if somewhat ambiguous role in the 1976 presidential election. I suspect that Carter's evangelical identifications enhanced his appeal to other evangelicals (though it is worth recalling that he did not win the votes of a majority of white Southerners). Carter's evangelism may have enhanced his appeal to "black Baptists" while creating anxiety among some Catholics, Jews, and secularists, although its precise effects will not be known until the detailed data of Michigan's Center for Political Studies become available. Meanwhile, it is worth remembering that *both* candidates were widely known to be serious, active Christians and that some evangelical leaders split religious ranks to proclaim public support for then-President Ford.

I sympathize with Neil G. Barclay's desire to give a fixed meaning to ideological labels, and I am, of course, familiar with the tradition to which he alludes when he describes conservatism as having an anti-ideological, anti-populist, anti-organizational orientation which values custom over ideologizing, excellence over popularity, diversity over homogeneity, and so forth. But the sad truth (explored in this magazine's symposium on liberalism and conservatism—"What Is a Liberal—Who Is a Conservative?" September 1976) is that the labels liberal and conservative, Left and Right, have no fixed referents. Their meaning is wholly relative (a person or position is "conservative" not in the abstract but in relation to some other person or position) and contextual (a person or position is "conservative" at a particular time and place and in relation to specific policies and persons); the terms depend as well on the usage of the period and the place. The most that I can say in defense of my use of these labels is that the persons whom I discussed—Rusher, Buchanan, Phillips, and Whalen—were generally termed conservative in the context of 1976 presidential politics.

I find rather curious Mr. Barclay's belief that political alignments based on interests are more volatile than those based on ideas and values, especially since the mass media have rendered culture so susceptible of manipulation and politics so vulnerable to style and fashion. While I share Mr. Barclay's respect for Tocqueville, I am less certain than he either that we understand the "specific preconditions" for democratic government or that the "necessary conditions for the functioning of democracy in all likelihood no longer prevail" in this country. And I see still fewer grounds for believing that the situation in the United States is analogous to that of pre-revolutionary France. Although respect for authority and confidence in government have declined in the last two decades, there are no fundamental disagreements among significant groups in this country over questions of legitimacy, and new political groups (whether based on "interests" or "principles") have the kind of easy access to government that the Third Estate lacked. If we can construct or preserve political parties responsive and strong enough to channel popular demands, capacious and tolerant enough to accommodate diversity, cohesive enough to govern, and restrained enough to live within the Constitution, we need hardly worry about preconditions of democracy.

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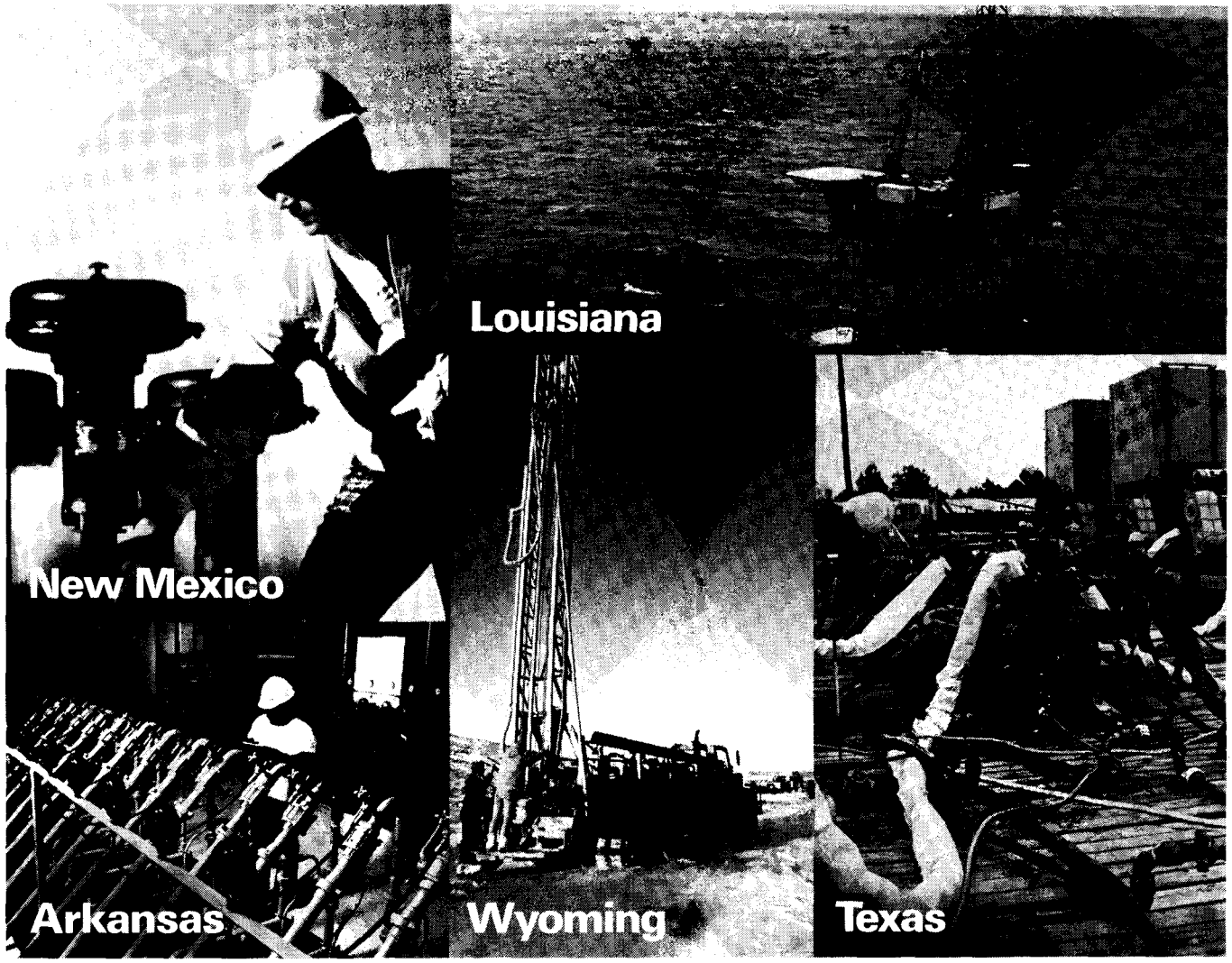

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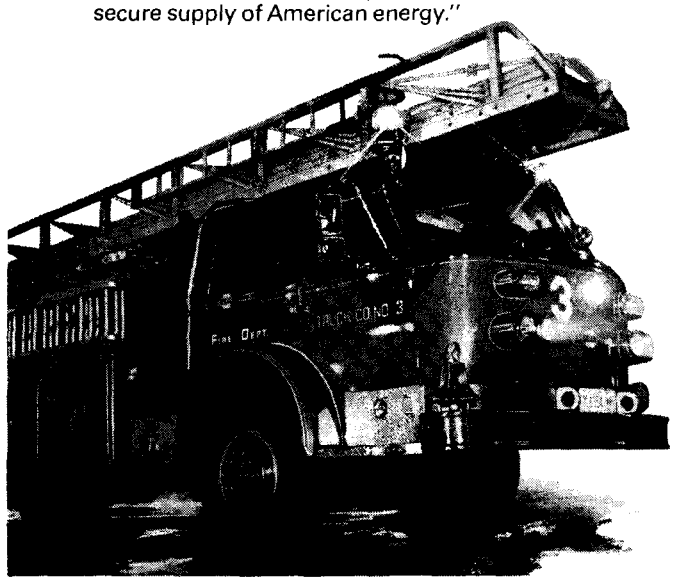

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The Issue of Human Rights

Walter Laqueur

ON June 15 in Belgrade, representatives from the thirty-five signatory countries of the Helsinki pact will assemble to review the progress achieved since the final act of that agreement was signed in 1975. Helsinki established the principle that the treatment accorded the citizens of any signatory country is a matter with which any other signatory country may rightfully concern itself. At Belgrade, the Soviet Union, whose record in the area of human rights is notorious, will no doubt voice strong resentment against excesses of "concern" on the part of other signatories, principally the United States, and will protest against unwarranted American interference in Soviet internal affairs. The Russians will want to concentrate at Belgrade on the promotion of trade relations and transfers of technology—anything, in fact, but human rights. What the United States, which has made human rights a major issue, and the other Western nations will do is uncertain. If Belgrade represents a test for the Soviet Union, it represents an even greater challenge to the United States, the first of many still to come.

HUMAN RIGHTS as an idea, as an issue in religious, political, and moral philosophy, has an ancient and illustrious pedigree; the differences between the empirical and the normative foundations of human rights, between moral rights and legal rights, between group rights and individual rights—each of these topics has been the occasion of substantial intellectual disquisition. The English Bill of Rights, and more emphatically the American Declaration of Independence and the French Declaration of the Rights of Man, were all based on the idea of inalienable, indefeasible, and absolute rights. Later, Jeremy Bentham and others were to argue, to the contrary, that there were no such rights, that the idea of natural rights was rhetorical nonsense—"nonsense upon stilts." In our time some philosophers have gone even further, claiming that the whole idea of human rights is a recent invention, alien to most non-Western cultures, and that it has been foisted by the neocolonialist West on a more or less unwilling world.

This last position is far-fetched. Even if there were no explicit covenants to that effect in ancient Chinese or Indian culture, the idea of freedom was hardly alien to those civilizations. And as for today, were it not for the concepts of individual and group rights, the countries of the non-Western world would still be colonies. Moreover, while the distinction between (positive) law and morality has its uses in philosophy, it is safe to say that neither Bentham nor his latter-day disciples would have preferred to live under arbitrary or tyrannical government, to be arrested and tried without due process, to be tortured, maimed, or killed, to be deprived of property or sold into slavery—even if such practices were in conformity with the law of the land.

Advocates of natural rights may admittedly have had a somewhat simplistic concept of human nature, and have failed to make due allowance for the fact that political and social conditions vary from age to age and from country to country, but even so it is difficult to make a convincing case for torture and slavery. Even those purists who once argued that international law is not concerned with personal liberty have had to confront the international conventions against slavery. It is, in fact, the theory of absolute nonintervention to protect human rights that is nonsense upon stilts. Cases of such intervention have been common ever since Gelon, Prince of Syracuse, having defeated Carthage in the year 480 B.C.E., made it a condition of peace that the Carthaginians abandon their time-honored custom of sacrificing their children to Saturn.

In recent decades there has been a palpable shift in interpretations of international law, a shift in favor of the idea of universal human rights; few still maintain that international law concerns states alone.* Though the Covenant of

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* L. Oppenheim, writing his famous textbook on international law before World War I, still regarded the "right of mankind" as something more or less fictitious. The Lauterpacht edition of Oppenheim's book, published in the 1950's, took a far more positive view, noting the inauguration of a new and decisive departure with regard to human rights and freedoms transcending the laws of states.

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the League of Nations did not address itself to the issue of human rights (other than the protection of certain minorities) but rather to the pacific settlement of disputes, a new approach manifested itself in the Atlantic Charter of 1941, the Declaration of the United Nations the year after, and in countless speeches of wartime leaders. This new approach found expression in the United Nations Charter and more specifically in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, approved without a dissenting voice in December 1948. The President of the General Assembly said at the time that this was the first occasion on which the organized world community had recognized the existence of human rights and fundamental freedoms transcending the laws of sovereign states, and "millions of men, women, and children all over the world, many miles from Paris and New York, will turn for help, guidance, and inspiration to this document."

Almost three decades have passed since these words were spoken, but while millions of men and women have indeed turned for inspiration to the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, they have received precious little guidance and no help from the organization that propagated it. In fact, the declaration was flawed from the very beginning: it did not include provisions for the rights of ethnic, linguistic, and religious minorities. More important, the stipulation made in the early drafts for the right of individuals to petition the UN was deleted later on at the insistence, among others, of the United States, which believed that such a right of petition would be abused by cranks. This was a giant step backward to the old idea that international law is concerned only with relations among states, and it has enabled the UN to refuse even to acknowledge receipt of complaints by persecuted individuals such as Soviet dissidents.

Another major problem with the declaration is the question of how its provisions are to be squared with Article 2, Paragraph 7 of the UN Charter, according to which the UN is enjoined from intervening in matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of individual states. Member states switch their views on this issue as it suits them from one day to the next. When, for instance, early on in the history of the UN, India complained about racial discrimination in South Africa, the Russians argued that the issue was entirely within the competence of the UN to decide. But when Poland, or Hungary, or the Soviet Union itself has been challenged for violation of human rights, it has naturally claimed that the Commission on Human Rights (established in 1946) has no power to take action.

SINCE the late 1950's the debates on human rights have been increasingly dominated by a stress on economic and social as opposed to civil and political rights. This reflects the changed composition of the United Nations itself. As the Communist and Third World countries have gradually become a majority, they have insisted that economic and social rights must be attained before any other rights can even be discussed. Some have contended that civil rights might even have to be sacrificed (temporarily, of course) in order to build the economic and social foundation on which they are allegedly based. The countries promoting such views have invariably been those with the worst record on human rights.

Political and civil rights defend the citizen against arbitrary action on the part of the state; economic and social rights, to the contrary, are based on positive state action. One illustration should suffice to point up the difference: Article 7 of the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights states that "no one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman, or degrading treatment or punishment." This is an absolute right which can and should be universally enforced today. Article 7 of the International Covenant on Economic, Social, and Cultural Rights, on the other hand, imposes on every country the duty to grant its citizens periodic holidays with pay and remuneration for public holidays. This right cannot be universally enforced at the present time since, among other reasons, many countries do not have the resources. Moral considerations aside, it is quite clear that a law that cannot be enforced is not a law but an aspiration. But in any event, the idea that remuneration for public holidays, however laudable *per se*, should take precedence over the ban of torture, makes nonsense of the whole concept of human rights.

It is true that in a wider perspective economic and social aspirations and civil and political rights are not mutually exclusive but interdependent and supportive of each other. But they are not in the same category, and the attempt to equate universal moral rights that need to be observed here and now with the introduction of social services is simply part of the endeavor to belittle the importance of human rights, to reduce them from the level of inalienable human requirements to the level of ideals that might, or might not, be achieved at some future date. Giving priority to economic and social rights does not reflect a different political outlook, but is usually merely an alibi for states that practice oppression at home, and whose record even in the economic and social field is anything but brilliant. Among the loudest proponents of the primacy of social and economic rights there is not a single one that permits the existence of free trade unions—a principle enshrined in Article 8 of the covenant.

This is not to say that there must be in every single respect one universal standard for the most developed countries and the most backward ones; the protection of human rights has to be judged in the cultural, social, and economic context of so-

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cieties in different stages of development. But it is pernicious nonsense to argue that under a certain range of per-capita income (say, $500), human rights have to be dispensed with because only tyrannical regimes will be in a position "to mobilize the masses in order to attain food, shelter, and health care" (to quote Charles Yost). This argument is not only morally wrong, it is historically wrong; the per-capita income at the time of the French Revolution (not to mention the time of Magna Carta) was substantially lower than it is now in most countries whose governments claim that basic human rights can be dispensed with. Most of these dictatorships, furthermore, have not the slightest wish to "mobilize" their masses; nor is it readily obvious in what way torture and slavery will make for more effective health care. Except to the extent that slaves with a full stomach are better off than slaves with an empty stomach, the idea that full economic and social rights can be enjoyed by people who do not possess civil and political rights is a deliberate falsehood. Recent events in India have shown that illiterate peasants are better judges of what is good for them than some of their well-wishers in the West.

The real problem is that in most member states of the UN, elementary civil liberties do not exist, and, more important still, there has been little if any progress in that direction. In theory such states subscribe to principles of human freedom and civil liberties as outlined in the United Nations conventions and their own constitutions, but too often in reality the practice is oppression, persecution, and the violation of basic human rights. A new unholy alliance has come into being at the United Nations, one that has a vested interest in the denial, not the promotion, of human rights, and one that shows a great deal of solidarity in pursuit of that interest.

The meetings of the Human Rights Commission, for example, have become a farce: though appearances are still maintained, though lofty ideals are invoked, and though there is much talk about solemn obligations and human solidarity, in actual fact there is not the slightest chance of any resolution being passed that runs counter to the will of the anti-human-rights majority. Western delegates continue to participate in this farce, and from time to time they even claim to discover some grounds for hope. Thus, commenting on the last session, Allard K. Lowenstein, the U.S. delegate, said that it was "far more balanced" than previously and that "new ground was broken"—this, about a session which was not even willing to sponsor an international investigation into the situation in Uganda.

On top of everything else, the Human Rights Commission is a totally irrelevant institution. Its publications are not read, its resolutions are scarcely noticed, and it makes headlines only in the case of some specific outrageous statement or resolution. But it is unfortunately true that the continued presence of delegates from countries *cherishing* human rights conveys legitimacy to an institution which deserves to be regarded as a laughingstock and a public menace. Unless they use every opportunity to speak out in the strongest possible way against the dishonesty of the commission—to counterattack constantly, castigating mercilessly the prevailing mendacity, and holding up to ridicule the whole humbug—Western representatives become accessories to the general perversion. Yet to hope for such words and actions on the part of Western diplomats seems somewhat unrealistic. They are expected to react coolly and considerately, in measured and temperate language; when they stray from those canons, as Daniel P. Moynihan and Leonard Garment did, they are upbraided for eccentricity and breach of dignity.

The old League of Nations showed weakness and cowardice, but even in its worst moments it never reached the depths of degradation achieved by the United Nations. Western representatives on the Human Rights Commission and other such bodies say in mitigation that they have succeeded in preventing even worse outrages. This does not change the fact that by playing the evil game and adhering to the perverted rules, they confer respectability on institutions whose main function is to prevent the implementation of human rights, and to justify their suppression.

THE failure of the United Nations to live up to early expectations and to become an effective instrument for the promotion of human rights has induced individual governments and non-governmental bodies to take fresh initiatives in the area. In 1948 the Organization of American States passed a declaration on the rights and duties of man which has, however, largely remained a dead letter. The Council of Europe agreed on a covenant for the protection of human rights and fundamental freedoms, and established a European Commission for Human Rights as well as a European Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg which has heard many cases since it first met in 1960. But these activities concern only Europe, meaning those societies least in need of human-rights protection. Various private bodies, such as the International League for Human Rights, Freedom House, and Amnesty International, have published reports about the condition of unfreedom in various parts of the world, drawing attention to particularly flagrant violations and on occasion mobilizing public support to bring pressure on the governments concerned. But the scope of these activities and their impact are by necessity limited.

It is only in recent months and years, when public opinion in the United States and elsewhere has begun to press for new initiatives, that human rights have become a major issue in international politics. That the Soviet-bloc nations and repres-

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sive regimes generally have reacted angrily to the new initiative is not surprising, but there has been opposition also from other quarters that are disturbed by what they regard as the unwarranted intrusion of this issue into the normal political process.

To be sure, the concern shown in some quarters over the allegedly harmful effects of the emphasis on human rights was to some extent predictable. Although it has been quite fashionable in recent years to invoke human rights, enthusiasm for the cause has been rather selective in character. Some of those expressing unhappiness about conditions in the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia or even Cuba have obviously regarded the situation in Uruguay, Chile, Iran, and South Korea as far more serious; they protest, from time to time, the arrest of a Soviet dissenter, but one feels their main passions lie elsewhere. Then there are the fair-weather protagonists of human rights, those who hold freedom's banner high so long as storms are not blowing. It is not that such people do not care about human rights, but they certainly do not like the risks involved and are bitterly opposed to any linking of this particular struggle with other political issues. There is less to be said in favor of a position of this kind—a position which reduces human rights to a matter of public relations—than for the candor of the neo-isolationists who, while they regret the violation of human rights in foreign parts, believe it is wrong to interfere in behalf of abstract ideas.

The arguments put forward against an aggressive stand on human rights have varied. There have been warnings that such initiatives will create new international tensions and perhaps a new "ice age" (as one commentator put it). It is said that the Carter administration in particular has gone too far and too fast, that quiet diplomacy can achieve more substantial results, and that speaking up will only cause greater repression in the countries singled out for attention. It is also claimed that since the United States does not have clean hands, it is not in any position to criticize others. The specter has been invoked of a new militant anti-Communism, precisely the sort of crusade that led the U.S. into disaster in the past. (Moral indignation, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., has said in this connection, quoting his fellow historian, Herbert Butterfield, is corrupting; should we take it that Schlesinger himself was corrupted by his indignation over Richard Nixon?) Above all, it is maintained that undue emphasis on human rights will (and perhaps already has, as witness the breakdown of the Moscow talks last month) adversely affect arms-control efforts, which are an overriding concern if the human race is to survive.

Most of these arguments are simply spurious. There is no danger that too strong an emphasis on human rights will "provoke international ideological warfare on a global scale"; the Soviet Union has never *stopped* conducting ideological warfare and has made it abundantly clear that it considers such warfare akin to a categorical imperative, détente or no détente. And if Brezhnev has not hesitated to receive Marchais, Berlinguer, and Gus Hall in Moscow, why should Western presidents refuse to see leading Soviet dissenters?

As to the dangers of causing greater repression by speaking out, Marshall Shulman, who now advises the Secretary of State on Soviet affairs, has written in *Foreign Affairs* that any easing of repression within Soviet society is more likely to result from internal evolutionary forces than from external demands for change. He does not deny individuals and groups in the West the right to express their repugnance for violations of human rights, but for governments to do so is, he contends, clearly counterproductive. Soviet dissenters, notably Andrei Sakharov, disagree with Professor Shulman. As Sakharov has said: "Resolute and ever-growing pressure by public and official bodies of the West—up to the highest—the defense of principles and of specific people can only bring positive results. Every case of human-rights violation must become a political problem for the leaders of the culprit countries."

Professor Shulman's notion of an "easing of repression" as the result of a relaxation of tension is, moreover, not borne out by the historical record. Surveying the history of détente and the democratic movement in the USSR, Frederick C. Barghoorn reaches the conclusion that the heyday of the democratic movement was in the 1960's, and "with the blossoming of what was in the West hailed as détente Moscow was more than ever determined to crush dissent" (*Détente and the Democratic Movement in the USSR*). Professor Shulman might counter that his own argument holds true over the long run, but this optimism is shared by few experts inside or outside the Soviet Union. Sakharov wrote in 1968, and again in 1975, that détente unaccompanied by increased trust and democratization was a danger, not a blessing, that rapprochement without democratization inside the USSR was worse than no rapprochement at all. The world, according to Sakharov, faced two alternatives: "either the gradual convergence of the two superpowers, accompanied by democratization inside the Soviet Union, or increased confrontation with a growing danger of thermonuclear war." He subsequently envisaged a third alternative—"the capitulation of the democratic principle in the face of blackmail, deceit, and violence." These are harsh words, bound to irritate Western diplomats trying not to make controversial or polemical statements. Perhaps Sakharov is not well informed about Soviet affairs; or has he too been corrupted by an excess of moral indignation?

A more weighty case against the emphasis on human rights in foreign policy has been made by the believers in *Realpol-*

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itik who argue that, given the global balance of power, the United States is simply no longer strong enough to promote human freedom among its chief adversaries and certainly cannot afford to antagonize its allies on this score. Sooner or later, this school holds, the human-rights campaign is bound to become muted or highly selective in its targets, or both. The exponents of *Realpolitik* do not doubt the commitment of President Carter to the cause of human rights, but they know that this concern is by no means shared in equal measure by all his collaborators and advisers, and they reason that the administration's desire to reach an accommodation with the Russians will in the end prevail over other considerations (provided the Russians refrain from open provocations). In the face of Soviet charges of interference, American denunciations of Soviet infringements of human rights will become more "tactful" (as proposed by Brezhnev himself), and will focus on individual dissenters rather than on the enforced silence of the great majority. Thus there will be no sudden backdown by the Democratic administration but a gradual "slump in idealism" which will eventually affect the American posture not only toward the Soviet Union but toward other countries as well. Although human rights will still be invoked from time to time as an abstract and unfortunately distant ideal, it will no longer be a consideration directly impinging on foreign policy. This to all practical purposes will be the end of a great departure announced with so much fanfare and accompanied by so much enthusiasm.

While these fears may be quite real, it must be said that the skepticism of the proponents of *Realpolitik* is based at least in part on a misconception. The struggle for human rights in present conditions is not a lofty and impractical endeavor, divorced from the harsh realities of world affairs, but itself a kind of *Realpolitik,* one with a direct bearing on international security. This was clearly recognized by Secretary of State George Marshall in a famous speech at the opening of the UN General Assembly in Paris in 1948:

> Systematic and deliberate denials of basic human rights lie at the root of most of our troubles and threaten the work of the United Nations. It is not only fundamentally wrong that millions of men and women live in daily terror, subject to seizure, imprisonment, and forced labor without just cause and without fair trial, but these wrongs have repercussions in the community of nations. Governments which systematically disregard the rights of their own people are not likely to respect the rights of other nations and other people and are likely to seek their objectives by coercion and force in the international field.

These fears were amply justified at the time, and in the three decades that have passed since they were first expressed, the dilemma has become even more pressing. It is all very well to propose that countries with different political, social, and cultural systems should peacefully coexist, but the moment the attempt is made to translate these sentiments into the language of reality, insurmountable difficulties arise. Genuine détente has to be based on at least some degree of mutual trust.

It is in this context that the problem of arms control has to be seen. It is generally accepted that meaningful future agreements on both strategic and conventional arms have to be based on effective means of inspection. But such means do not exist, and they do not exist precisely because of the absence of democratic checks and balances in the Soviet Union and the unwillingness of the Soviet leaders to open up their country to foreign inspection and free, unlimited travel in general. Thus, the prospects for genuine progress in arms control are virtually nil unless and until the Soviet system becomes more open and democratic; the movement toward the protection of human rights is an essential part of such a process. The same applies, *mutatis mutandis,* to trade with the Soviet bloc, which at present is largely based on credits and loans. The indebtedness of the Soviet bloc now amounts to almost $50 billion; unless Soviet and East European society becomes freer and more open, the financial risk involved in such massive credits—according to some projections, the sum total might be $100 billion by the end of the decade—will become too great, and U.S.-Soviet trade may grind to a halt.

It is quite untrue to argue, as some Western critics have done, that the human-rights campaign aims at changing the Soviet social system; the question of whether Soviet factories and farms should remain nationalized is not for outsiders to decide. The purpose of the campaign is far more modest: it simply asks that the Soviet regime live up to its own constitution. Until it does, there will never develop that climate of trust and confidence, so often invoked by Soviet leaders, which is a precondition for effective arms control, for mutually beneficial trade, or indeed for any lasting understanding.

To be credible, the commitment to human rights must be consistent. Does this mean that the same standard ought to be applied to both Denmark and Afghanistan? Obviously not. The cultural and social context, the grade of development of each country, are factors that have to be taken into account; and what especially has to be taken into account is the general *trend* in a country: has there been a movement toward greater human rights or away from them? The various maps and surveys published by the State Department and private bodies do not provide a guide to political action because they do not take these considerations into account; nor do they make a clear differentiation between totalitarian regimes in which all aspects of society are

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controlled by the state, and authoritarian governments which nevertheless allow a measure of freedom. This elementary distinction is known to every student of politics, yet time and again it is blurred and obfuscated. In Professor Shulman's article, which bears the title "On Learning to Live with Authoritarian Regimes," all kinds of nondemocratic governments are lumped together, despite the fact that the author is well aware that there exist "significant differences" among them.

These differences, however, are not just significant, they are crucial. In Spain, the death of the dictator constituted a decisive turning point; precisely because the regime was never quite totalitarian, a far-reaching democratization could rapidly take place. In a totalitarian regime such a development is clearly impossible, and this fact has deep implications for Western policies toward such countries. There are, admittedly, marked differences in the degree of repression inside the Communist camp as well—between countries like Hungary and Yugoslavia on the one hand, and those like North Korea on the other. But it is still true that the whole structure of all these regimes is based on the systematic denial of certain human rights, such as impartial tribunals, freedom of movement and open expression, and peaceful assembly and association (all of which, as it happens, are guaranteed in the constitutions of these countries themselves).

As for the Third World, each country has to be judged individually in the context of the considerations I have mentioned. Much depends on whether a regime respects at least *some* human rights, whether or not it is a relatively enlightened dictatorship working for political, economic, and cultural progress, whether or not it has aims other than the perpetuation of its own repressive rule. There is infinitely more freedom in Tanzania or Kenya than in Uganda, more in Iran and Egypt than in Iraq—even though all these are authoritarian regimes.

What standards, finally, are to be applied to countries that are members of the Western alliance or maintain friendly relations with the U.S.? Here again the political context has to be taken into account. To provide an example: it is quite possible that certain infringements in civil liberties have occurred at one stage or another in the British struggle against terrorism in Northern Ireland. Such cases are reprehensible wherever they occur, but a terrorist campaign on a substantial scale constitutes a warlike act, and the standards that prevail in war are not those of peacetime. Human rights are rooted in natural law, but natural law does not prohibit free people from defending themselves against enemies hostile to the values of a democratic society. In such situations, as in wartime, certain temporary restrictions on human rights may be necessary.* Terrorists are a menace not because they will ever seize power, but because they provoke massive counter-terrorism which frequently leads (as in Uruguay and Argentina) to the establishment of military dictatorship, and these, having seized power, seldom, if ever, feel inclined to restore democracy.

Once terrorism has been defeated, it is indefensible to perpetuate a state of siege, and a strong stand has to be taken against regimes that show no willingness to restore basic freedoms and human rights. This goes *a fortiori* for regimes which do not even have the excuse of defending themselves against the onslaught of anti-democratic forces. In the long run, the U.S. cannot be allied with governments flagrantly and massively violating human rights. But it is also true that the prospects of influencing such governments in the Western hemisphere or in the Far East by means of quiet diplomacy are far better than with Communist countries—if only because the former are more dependent on the U.S. and the other major countries in the Western alliance. Dealing with these countries, the United States will certainly face difficulties; a price will have to be paid for forcefulness, such as losing a military base; if, on the other hand, concessions are made, they will invite accusations of a double standard. But the fact that there will be obstacles does not mean that the policy is impracticable or that the nation should desist from pursuing it.

THE U.S. and the other Western countries find themselves hopelessly outnumbered in the United Nations in the struggle for the promotion of human rights, but they have many millions of allies all over the world and above all in the countries in which human rights are trampled under foot. The idea of freedom has exercised a powerful attraction throughout history, and this attraction is probably stronger at present than at any time in the past. Hence the violent reaction of the Soviet Union to the Carter administration's initiatives and the nervousness shown by other repressive governments. These regimes are well aware that Western societies have a weapon that can be used to great effect in the ideological struggle to whose continuation the Soviet Union is committed. Attempts will be made to prevent the West from using this weapon—cajolery and threats. Obviously, the United States will

* President Carter, at the Clinton, Massachusetts, town meeting in March, said that he would continue to speak out against violations of human rights whether they occurred in Northern Ireland or elsewhere. He did not appear to have in mind the atrocities committed by the two warring sides in the civil war, but the few infringements committed by the British forces trying to prevent a total breakdown of public order and mass slaughter. Yet it is precisely because of the almost unprecedented restraint of the British forces that terrorism still continues in Northern Ireland; terrorists do not persist against governments that react with equal ruthlessness. If President Carter's remark was just a slip of the tongue, it shows that the administration is still at the beginning of its learning process. If it was the expression of deliberate policy, the administration would do better never to invoke the cause of human rights again.

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have to take the lead for the West as a whole, for the Western European governments (with some notable exceptions) lack the self-confidence, the determination, the solidarity, and also the political weight to act on their own. But will such leadership be forthcoming from Washington?

The new administration has committed itself to the struggle for human rights on a global basis, but so far not much thought has been given to implications and to the proper strategy. Hence the confusing and contradictory statements that have been made: three steps forward and two steps back. Thus, President Carter declares in his inaugural address that "because we are free we can never be indifferent to the fate of freedom elsewhere"; and then Cyrus Vance announces that the U.S. will speak out only from time to time, and that its comments will be neither strident nor polemical. Unfortunately, to press for human rights is by definition a provocative act even if the language used is neither shrill nor strident; to deny this, to create the impression that the aim can be achieved by platonic expressions of regret and sorrow, is to admit defeat even before the struggle has begun in earnest.

Even more detrimental is the attempt to be "evenhanded" at any cost, to establish a false symmetry. It is understandable when a private organization like Amnesty International, which does its work under exceedingly difficult conditions, "balances" denunciations of gross violation of human rights in an Eastern-bloc or Third World country with criticism of a Western government even when the cases are totally different in severity and magnitude. But a big power like the United States does not have to engage in such questionable practices in order to establish its legitimacy as a champion of human rights.

SPOKESMEN of the new administration have said they will place far greater emphasis on human rights than did their predecessors. But Henry Kissinger too, in his speech to the UN General Assembly in 1976, declared that human rights were of "central importance, one of the most compelling issues of our times," and the speeches made by Daniel P. Moynihan and Leonard Garment at the United Nations, as well as the private initiatives of Ambassador Laurence Silberman in Yugoslavia, were at least as forceful as any declarations made in recent months. The real test is not speeches or even appointments, but deeds. President Carter has said that he "cannot go in with armed forces and try to change the internal mechanism of the Soviet government." No such proposal has been advanced. There are, however, a great many things that can be done besides cutting military aid to some Latin American countries. Domestically this would involve the ratification of the Convention on Genocide as well as the other conventions as yet unsigned (for the Elimination of Racial Discrimination, the Covenant on Economic, Social, and Cultural Rights, etc.). In foreign policy it would involve constant pressure for the protection of human rights through all possible channels, public statements on the highest level as well as the publicizing of gross infringements through the Voice of America and the U.S. radio stations in Europe.

Above all it means linkage—linkage, by whatever name. As El Cid said, *Lengua sin mános, cuemo osas fablar*? ("Tongue without arms, how do you dare to talk?") Resistance has been mounted to the use of U.S. resources for the promotion of human rights, and there will be more such resistance in the future. But is is perfectly obvious that unless the human-rights records of the most powerful countries are taken into account in U.S. foreign policy, fine sentiments will not have the slightest impact; they will be rightly considered by friend and foe alike as a public-relations exercise aimed at American domestic consumption. There are countless ways for linking the help sought from the United States by countries great and small to their record on human rights. Opportunities have never been lacking, only the will to make use of them.

The human-rights issue presents an immense challenge to the administration; having made it a cornerstone of his policy to restore the moral authority of American foreign policy, President Carter may stand or fall with his performance in this field. If it is mishandled, carried out without judgment and discrimination, or based on a false symmetry, a global campaign for human rights can lead to the further isolation of the United States and a further lowering of its prestige. Firmly and prudently pursued, it could give an enormous impetus to the cause of freedom all over the world and enhance American stature and influence. Excuses for inaction may be made by small countries whose capacity to influence the course of world politics is by necessity limited. But a great nation hesitant or afraid to speak up and to act on its beliefs and values at a crucial juncture of world history is forfeiting its international standing and embarking on a course of moral and political decline.

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Losing Sight

A Chronicle of Affliction

Eleanor Clark

How strange it is that I fairly often forget what has happened and get shocked back into awareness of it, over and over, each time as if it were a brand new happening. So the misery stays fresh and violent, when not obliviated in that curious closet I seem to have built for it.

It stays there—shy wicked chameleon beast—even as I ruminate more or less all day, like a cow on its cud, on other people's worse sufferings. Type by type, name by name, many of course being known cases, mixed with the various mass horrors we take in by report. If we do take them in. Must get back to that some time—what we privileged ones, as we're called (and are, oh yes!), ever do know of war, famine, torture, etc. As if it weren't hard enough to consider the widows and others whose telephone numbers you know by heart, the bereaved parents, the friends struck by some nightmare disease.

Their faces parade in the kitchen sink, over the bed you still for some reason make each day, everywhere, all day. All the time you're thinking which is worse, and how do they stand it, and why. Idiot gloom, not even playing at empathy. That it is not. It also serves no purpose, for them or for you. Just a question of thinking who you are luckier than. For God's sake. That would be most of the world's population, wouldn't it?

Still, if so, what of it? You were following the obits anyway the last few years. It's normal to congratulate yourself when somebody younger than you kicks off, especially suicides; moral as well as genetic superiority there. But keep on the track, my friend, if friend we can be to ourselves in such extremity. You're afflicted now. You've got to cope or decide not to, isn't that so? Then stop denying it, in your sneaky way. Open that closet. Face the facts.

Bullshit, as the children say. And by the way, "cope" is a viler word than that nowadays; very rapid diseases of language in our time. At the moment the warning I had in mind was just to watch the Pollyanna syndrome: sweet little me, so brave, better off than so many others, would gladly trade, give, something. Would NOT. Am NOT. This is HELL—out of the blue too (ha, ha) —any worse you wouldn't be hearing this much squeak out of me. Fact remains, does it not, I have extraordinary blessings to count, yes indeedy. Can walk, talk, cook. Have love and loving lovely family—no goons or cult-cranks or other disasters there. Am not lonely or hungry or mistreated by anybody I know of, and can still dial the telephone if it's the shape I know, not one of those horrid new square pushbutton jobs

If it's medical terms you want, you're barking up the wrong tree. I'll never write or say the nasty words, so you know it's not glaucoma, that's only one word. It's nothing I ever heard of before, though not too uncommon they say. Poor people. So I'm the lucky one again, beside a beautiful brook in Vermont and hearing Homer read aloud almost every night.

Lapse there, a week or so. Things crawl along in some sort of development—good or bad, hard to tell; such matters seem to be up for redefinition, like everything else. Finding-cause-for-cheer-in-spite-of-it-all, or breaking into cheer without cause—like hives—hard to put down. And why want to, you might ask? Why not just be grateful for such a constitution, habit of pleasure in life, or whatever. Because it's senseless, under these conditions; idiotic; that's why. Like (just like?) neurotic depression I never could understand or feel much sympathy for, God forgive me.

Another thing to watch out for: "What difference does it make now," no question mark. Betty S. and all the others with terminal this and that, lungs mainly, smoking cigarettes like crazy, like hooked teenagers. And why not? Will get to that. There must be a reason, of some Ethical Culture type. Anyway I feel there's a reason and take that as evident, true-believer fashion. However, am still smoking myself, am holding a cigarette this minute and not bothering to argue that it's not lungs in my case. The doctors won't quite say it's just as bad, or any better either. There are certain hints and suggestions—meaning they don't know and on this particular point nobody is trying to find out. Funds lacking probably, maybe interest too.

Eleanor Clark is the author of, among other works, *The Oysters of Locmariaquer, Rome and a Villa,* and *Dr. Heart: A Novella and Other Stories.* The present piece is drawn from Miss Clark's forthcoming book, *Eyes, Etc.* (Pantheon).

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Imagine. Here we are with all those marvelous instruments snooping around on Mars—Mars! War god! We've been getting a lot of him in the *Iliad,* under the name of Ares of course, and how upset he was by his own half-mortal son's death—and right here at hand is this catastrophe to a little living organism called ME and they politely wash their hands of it, although no eleven-month journey, twenty-two round trip, is needed to look into it and there's no question as to existence of life in it. None at all. I breathe, I laugh, with a little caution can even run, and it costs them no billions, not a red cent, to get the phenomenon under their cameras. Come here, Mars, they say, and off I go at my own or our own expense, good little planet-puppy, to this hospital and that, wherever they say. Not that they're all fools or s.o.b.'s by any means. You hear about such doctors but mine have been dears, darlings—good kind people, probably bright too. They just don't know. About me and all those others.

Which others? how many? who are they? how many stars on the way to Mars? Oh, those others. What a crux and puzzle they are suddenly. Their light and meaning and places in the firmament are all different. It can't have happened overnight. I was too stricken at first; would cry when alone in the house, after having no reason to cry for twenty-four years. Or only one time and not for the old kind of reason then. Rather interesting experience, that slithery sort of wetness down the cheeks, not like any other water, more like new snakeskin, I imagine, when the old one has just been wrestled off against some good rough bark. Just a guess of course; I've never caressed a snake that I can remember, in any age of skin. N.B.: something to try, now that novelty is the order of the day—?

Who says? I mean, yes, everything's different, that's for sure, so call it novelty. But who says you have to accept it, experience it, still less relish it? Well, that's possibly the whole point—that and those tricky baffling *others* in the new layout. Will get back to it in due course, if there is such a course.

Right now must get back to that neurotic cheerfulness I left back there, which other people find admirable or at least say they do. Noun: fortitude. Adjective: stoic (noun too), stoical, both commonly misused. Will have to ferret out fortitude. And another newcomer—normalcy. That one doesn't belong on this page but I'm liable to forget, though I believe this misfortune has made me less, not more, forgetful. It would be in line with that false cheer to think so but it might be true. Even so, the benefit might be temporary, not to be counted on. So take all precautions possible, such as keeping kitchen utensils exactly where they belong, not relying on memory of having put one somewhere else last night. The very old must have to learn such habits, and, with different applications (poems known, memories of love or political history, significant names or numbers), people in forced labor camps and such—Gulag places.

THOSE OTHERS again. It's not time for them yet. I swear I'll get to them but it's not time. Am not ready. No, I didn't mean to say that, would hate to admit it, I meant it would be self-indulgent here; messy. It's not time in the sense of form.

As to normalcy, it's not a notion I ever gave a bean about before, so must hurry and explain before it slips into the crawlspace again, where incidentally there are a few snakes, more than last year I think but not poisonous. It came in from a climatologist's remarks in the paper the other day. I never heard of a climatologist before but these new breeds crop up all the time—an ologist for everything. I'm becoming one myself, an expert on misfortune, eligible for a degree in same. Well, he said that what we of the last century or so have considered normal weather is not that at all. We've been spoiled rotten is the idea, and he has lots of dates and other data to prove it. We feel badly treated by droughts, floods, too hots and too colds, etc. because we and our grandparents, I forget how far back, have lived through a spell of abnormal decency weatherwise. We just have no idea what this planet can perpetrate when it gets back to normal.

Of course I was an ideal recipient of that piece of scholarship, being the type quick to leap at analogy. It's obvious that the idea of human life that some of us lucky ones grew up with—but never mind pounding it in. I just said it was obvious, didn't I? I admitted it. So don't ask me to kick myself for having cracked and splintered under this lightning bolt. God damn it, it was news, unprecedented and intolerable as Jonathan Edwards said of the Last Judgment it so strongly resembles (really he said unavoidable and intolerable, less apt here). Only I thought—perhaps still think, will have to mull over that—that I had not, repeat not, earned it by any wickedness, that is any wickedness beyond the normal. And so there we are back to you, nuisance, interloper. Go away; get under there with the snakes. I'm sick of you. I want to enjoy my pain.

Like hell. I meant like hell I do, but OK, take it the other way—this hell, so oddly lacking in physical pain, so quiet, decorous, almost beneficent you might say. Enjoy it? Well, I suppose a person might pay to be crazy, from some things that would be relief. But am not there yet, nor even considering it. Am not crazy, ergo do not enjoy what is not just unenjoyable but way over the other end of the scale. To hell with normalcy —tragic, piddling, dreary, whatever the humanologists want to call it.

I just want to understand what's happening. Those fits of cheer, those new crawling Others—no,

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not new, but they didn't use to come through the floor this way, as though expecting to be caressed. Novelty; springtime of loss, of grief; as new as next year's row of hyacinths. (The pinks ones small and pale last April, must remember to do something for them.)

ONE way to be useful to society: keep out from underfoot. Plain time-killing not so effective; I've tried it; I know.

Phone call from Mike F.'s—well, widow of sorts, though they'd been apart for a year—to say (1) she's getting married again, and (2) their little girl, going on two-and-a-half now, who was with him and was thrown in an alley when he was killed by the mugger in New Haven last year, has had permanent brain damage. Nothing to be done. Will have to be in an institution. It's almost the anniversary of that event; he had been here with the baby just before, the Irish in him still going strong. Actually that was a couple of generations back but the wit and grin and long upper lip were right off the boat. Don't know why she felt the need to phone. We never got to know her well; different Irish type, fiercely ambitious. He was the one we loved. He was twenty-seven.

But the other Others, all children of grief and woe naturally, that's why they're here. Older, bona fide widows for one bunch, as far as eye can see, and widowers, less of a crowd but as large in loss, some of them; and those tortured by living love or lack of it; those born defective, and their parents. John M., in his sixties, eight years in perfect clarity of mind, watching his nerve ends decay; asking, "What books would you read in my situation?" Couldn't hold one or keep it propped up. Not my case. Pickers through garbage cans. Sleepers in doorways. I know them. They are talking to me. Because of my trouble, of course; puts me in their camp, on pretty crummy grounds, some would think; never mind.

I forgot to ask our philosopher friend the other night if he considered his métier—discipline they say now, a word I'll have no truck with, I wonder when it came in—in any case, if he thought of philosophy as in any way bearing on the will to live in adversity. I suppose he'd have to say yes of course, but I doubt it, I mean to the extent of its doing anybody any good. I think they keep their brainy games separate from even their own arthritis, like children playing Kala or Monopoly, all those pretty beans and printed slips that keep getting spilled on the closet floor. No, no, for God's sake—speaking for us afflicted of the earth (snicker there in the wings), give us religion every time. I can't go so far as to ask to believe it, but that's just a matter of temperament and my bad luck. Snicker, that is, at the nerve—my putting myself in their class, presuming to move in their set. Like a matter of yachts. Ours is a lot grander than yours, costs more to maintain too. As if it were my fault I wasn't born rich in infirmity and sorrow and never happened to acquire much along the way, until now. OK, I'm a beginner in their field (discipline?), but they should be charitable. I'll agree to be a non-resident member of the club but I'm in, whether they snub me or not.

Ears churlish about music these days. I resent its being pushed forward, not by anybody, just by the situation, as such a new kind of necessity—lifesaver, alternative to what's lost. Perhaps will get it back where it belongs some day, to being positive pleasure, not a bloody consolation. Overpowering scene of Achilles' immortal horses standing with their heads dropping to the ground as they weep, literally shed tears, over the death of Patroclus. Then Zeus's lovely meditation as he pities them in their grief, wishing he hadn't given them to Peleus and condemned them to "ache" so for the fate of poor mankind, although themselves immortal. "Poor things. . . ." Nothing, he says, is so sad to look on as human beings.

LETTER from Arthur T. saying, along with sympathy for my plight, that we have to learn to grow old. Quotes nice piece of Chinese wisdom to that effect. (Ah, but I'd been howling all this time, I'm *not* old, nowhere near *that* old, and come from long-lived people. Was counting on at least twenty more good years, thought I would learn to some small degree the tricks of my trade.) His beloved Polly, he writes, has had some strange after-effects from open-heart surgery and lost I don't know just what of her faculties, but her flute-playing for one thing, and marvelous memory for music are gone.

Yes, we must learn. I don't know what, or how, or why. We must. Something. It set me back hard. Ashamed? I don't know. Shame can be self-indulgence too.

Count your blessings, so many people say, meaning not offspring *per se*—that would be a laugh, considering one we had to hear about yesterday—but our darling specific Prodge and Ennie who happen to be here this long lovely summer of such exquisite pain—adjustment I suppose it's called. And oh I do count them, one two, one two, all the livelong day, and confess, though it's the out thing this year, to having sung praises unto Nature and the goddess Fortune for every day of their lives, and make finger-signs of a Sicilian sort against the banana peels that life could strew on their steep paths. They run so fast, they aim so far, they never look. This business has made everything precarious. Must control that. Of course we would wish for them never to grow old, that's only natural and another aspect of the gods (Homeric) that makes good sense. That some beings at least be imagined as we would wish to imagine our children—alive, young, and beautiful forever. Takes some of the curse off what's called being down to earth. The Grecian urn syndrome.

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But scratch that reference. Things are bad enough without Keats dying at twenty-five.

I LOCKED the cat in here by mistake yesterday, now she wants to go out and can't understand why I don't stop the rain. I am supposed to be able to do that. A drizzle she would brave but this is a downpour. I hold the screen door open to give her the impossible choice, she draws back puzzled and saddened and alternates between rubbing against me—to ingratiate me or comfort herself? perhaps both—and meowing piteously. I am the God That Failed, i.e., like all gods, according to Hoyle. Now she is all bunched up on her haunches, staring motionless through the bottom of the screen at the inimical element. I would love to know what she remembers of the two or three terrible adventures in her past, and the others we never knew about. I realize there are certain differences between her and me, even on a day like this. She's a skillful and shameless killer for one thing.

Must remember to get back to time-killing. That was a terrible adventure, for several months. Haven't yet got a perfect grasp of the subject. Or it might just be too unpleasant to dive into. You could get the bends. So we continue, the gray-and-white cat and I, to dree our weirds. Looked that up the other day, I mean somebody did for me. "Weird" OK, meaning of course fate, as in adj. weird sisters. In dictionaries at hand no "dree." It could be crooning or weaving or just counting as with beads. Do wish I'd spent my time better when times were better, when there was time—and all that: the most boring human wail. But I mean it modestly. Just wish I had memorized a big dictionary.

It was more the world's weird I had in mind so recently, riding the ski lifts, nothing like age and adversity. They—

Lord, what did I say there? The words bring that dog-howl to my throat, like months ago. I never figured on that conjunction. Sure, hundreds of better skiers flew by; I admired, no reason to envy; was never a star, was doing about as well as ever and loving it, barring certain nasty days and patches and a couple of hitches on crutches. Figured I'd stop without regret some far-off day when timidity got to outweigh pleasure. But I see now, those hateful words were needed. Stick to business. The theme is Affliction. But my dear lady, you're only dealing with a physical disability, sudden and mysterious to be sure, but not very dire as such things go, not likely to be total (as in totaling a car), nor even involving any physical pain, furthermore occurring among those blessings that are so joyously to be counted. "Ghastly deprivation," "hideous handicap," say the letters from friends. I said, "But Doctor, what you're telling me is to me a lot worse than death." It was no lie. If you're totaled, does it matter if wheels and a fender are still good for scrap? Run along to the junkyard, get it over with. This knack I've been developing, of keeping out from underfoot, as distinguished from pure time-killing in the first months, may not be all that dependable. Leaving brook, woods, hanging iron lamp when the leaves fall may knock it into a cocked hat, whatever that is, evidently something like broken pitcher or smashed VW. Question: in a question of killing time, can there be earlier and more recent months? Must reflect. Might lead to grasp of Theory of Relativity, or at least international dateline.

O saisons, o châteaux! Did I ever abuse the heart's wild intake of certain joy and wonder, a counter-radiance, in all that white-gold splendor as we glide heavenward, God's grandeur in shook foil around us past the screen of obscenities on the plexiglass—woods and packed slope of such different handling in the brilliance, as unlike as hawk-skilled skiers swooping are from the brute crashers-down or the simply cautious or inexperienced who make their turns like ferryboats—did I let love, of motion and bright air, be more than was fitting, for it to lead to this far faster shadowing-in? Not quite the passing-over, the *trépas* Rimbaud brought his *bonheur* to, but such a squeeze and slowing.

I was all wrong about "dree." Education, lovely goddess, where have you been hiding from me? Oh seasons of longing, oh castles of regret! It means "to suffer," "to endure," transitive. So the cat and I, dreeing our weirds as we watch the awful rain, are not counting or reciting anything but just putting up with our fate as best we can.

AM I getting used to it? But I don't want to! Oh, I don't understand anything. So maybe that's what I don't want and am so brilliantly (?) dodging: understanding anything. Maybe I was lying back there, falling into that humdrum boast; how humiliating. People are always claiming they want to understand (*"l'horreur de ne pas comprendre"*), but really, when you think about it, it's got to be a lie most often, one of those flattering self-delusions or run-of-the-mill masochism. No sense to it at all. What on earth would keep us going if we understood? Ergo, understanding or the attempt at it is the cardinal sin. Right? Imagine if an Olympic athlete tried to understand what he was doing—everybody'd think he was cracked, get the valium, call the shrink. At the very least he'd fall and hurt himself. The thing is to (1) enjoy the experience, and (2) try to be better than somebody else, no matter what the sacrifice. (Bullock's entrails best, on appropriate altar.)

Sounds cynical, and that I'm not, just somewhat shaky on my flippers these days, so there must be a flaw in the reasoning, if any reasoning has occurred. These moods and thoughts depend a lot on weather and time of day and in that nice old

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saying, which side of the bed you got up on. If both sides wrong, no point to it, that must be why you never hear it any more.

Question, in short, of animal spirits. *Élan vital.* How bizarre if that were the whole story. Well, it isn't, but I'm in no mood to play at discussing why. Weather unsettled again, wrong time of day, wrong side of bed. It's all so *serious.* Can't seem to get that through my head; or am not constituted for it. If so, *tant mieux.* A lot of good people have died laughing. Get back to business, to hell with imponderables, that's the American way: ours not to question why, ours but to do and die, etc.

Storm gathering and slowly circling all day—a too heavy load of dirty sheets, some soiled nearly to black, still going round and round, in a machine that keeps promising breakdown or breakthrough every minute. Patches of bright blue show now and then in the rips and interstices, and brief shafts of Wagnerian sunlight that die out with the next sluggish spin, as do the ominous spells of wind, all sound and fury. How curious that there's so little weather in Homer, except at sea.

Last night a bobcat was screeching bloody murder, just up from the brook, I wonder what about. Like Achilles when the river Scamander rises in wrath at his carnage and takes off after him. Rivers are gods too, it's wise to remember. But it was no river that did Mike F. in in New Haven, exactly a year ago. In these stories of ours doom has gone bananas, is lumbering about like a headless monster; there's nothing to make us respect it. It is we, not Achilles, who must cry anguish by the brook or river bank.

The mugger was sixteen, convicted of another murder a year before, out on weekend parole. Very poor family; low IQ, low everything; a nobody; the kind Mike had been working for.

CHARMED days, all of these. Charmed summer altogether, a bolt of precious silk shaken out sky-high, all ripples of many-colored happiness. Hey, what is this? stick to the subject. OK, it's not forgotten. But meanwhile, as usual after guests and all those bunks slept in, I've hung a lineful of sheets, etc., and among the hues of that fancier fabric, see above, the white is more fascinating than all the flags of the UN. More useful too, but I'm speaking of what's to be rejoiced over. That includes old Priam's stupendous visit to Achilles in his tent by the ships, to beg for Hector's body so that he may be properly mourned and taken away by fire, not eaten by dogs and kites. Scene of awful sorrow and worse coming after the last page—the twelfth day dawning when the battle for Troy will resume—but rejoice we do at there being paper with such words on it, and here in our small enclave at the reading aloud, new bond and pleasure all these weeks. We all know it, not forgeting it's the booby prize, brought on by my plight, but just the same as splendid as all Priam's gifts to the killer of his son.

Charmed days. Scary ones. I dread the leaves turning. Hated coming to the last line of the book. "So they performed the funeral rites of Hector, tamer of horses." But now we'll start the *Odyssey* and see how far we get.

I FIND I mind the new clumsiness, and even the humiliating fear of hurting oneself—by burning, cutting, stumbling—less than the new kinds of ignorance, being cut off from so many sources of fact and opinion one was scarcely aware of being nourished by, it was so natural to have them. Magazines for one. All sorts, even silly or otherwise annoying; they keep your wits working. I can foresee becoming a *mental* cripple and already have fallen into sneaky little ways of covering up for not being on the ball, not having kept up, having missed this and that. It goes in geometric progression. You lose interest, then will, I suppose, then capacity. My godmother became sly that way toward the end. I would say, "Would you like me to bring your supper out here on the terrace?" —this in one of the rest homes, or whatever they call them, when she was no longer able to visit anyone—and she would say with a canny gleam, "What would *you* like?" although of course I wouldn't be eating there. It was just to conceal that she didn't quite know where she was and whether it was supper or breakfast time and whether a tray on the terrace was possible or permissible. Or if a meal was in order at all; perhaps she had already had it, or was supposed never to eat again. She wouldn't have minded any of these possibilities, especially the last, only hated being caught in a stupidity. I understand.

Yet in the beginning, the aspect most like some form of insanity—or so I imagine—almost made me laugh. It was interesting. I think I'd have laughed if it hadn't been for the slight nausea it produced. Cars zooming down at you from the sky or up from out of the ground, a highway seen from a train window turned into a roller-coaster better than anything in Coney Island, no straight lines anywhere, doors and windows wiggling, columns teetering each at a different angle—perilous but funny, quite a new conception in architecture; and every face a grotesque. Your own dear husband bends to kiss you, with a huge crooked mouth coming out of his ear and two noses or none. Naturally you laugh, and hurt his feelings. But that was the "active" phase, only a few weeks. Lines are straight again. Now we're down to (I can't resist it, horror in language has its own charm) the nitty-gritty. No, I take that back, there are limits even to horror, I mean in its power to charm. That one's just plain atrocity. Make it brass tacks or that old standby, reality, dull but honest and reliable, or anything you like. Whatever we're down to, the comedy has gone out of

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it. For laughs will have to look elsewhere, try harder.

Not that I think insanity is funny. That's too outdated, went out with race and Polish jokes, except in the worst sixth-grade set. No, the whacky world I saw for a while was funny because of a whale of a difference from the real thing, at least I hope so—hope there's a difference, hope that's why it was funny. I never thought the cars were flying out of the air or the ground, or buildings being made to topple, with the sole intent of injuring me, or with any reference to me whatever. It was perfectly clear to me, roller-coaster and all, that they didn't even know I existed, just like a lot of doctors and nurses. So, having known people who do think planes are being sent to buzz them and the TV set in the hospital room is being repaired at 6 A.M. out of specific animosity, I gathered I was sane and could laugh, through my tears, at the odd aspect of things. The tears weren't all that frequent either; let's not exaggerate.

THAT next phase, though, of time-killing, that might be more borderline. On this subject the *Iliad*'s no help, none I can think of at the moment. The thing is not to confuse time-killing with boredom, easy to do when one's a newborn babe at both. They're not the same thing at all, but those months when I applied myself to that discipline—art? social science?—I admit I did get bored, through lack of skill. Not so the couple warming themselves in the ski lodge one sub-zero afternoon.

Season-pass people but not from nearby, far from it. An amiable chatty pair with a son of eleven and middle-bracket equipment, not the kind who hog space by the fire or bump boiling coffee over your hand, make trails a menace and any lodge an inferno. That brutish arrogance had taken so little in their case, they didn't even seem to notice it. Every weekend all winter the easy-natured family drive twelve hours from and back to New Jersey like millions of others from whatever home base they need that desperately to flee, ostensibly for about eight hours at a sport they may be no great shakes at—weren't in this instance.

The woman and I were more or less in each other's laps by the fire and she had just helped me mop the coffee from my parka and given suggestions for the burn. "But I should think," I said, "that you'd have to spend all the rest of the week getting over one weekend and getting ready for the next one." "We do!" A sudden smile illumined her face, as if I'd hit on the happiest aspect of the marriage and a very happy one indeed, redolent of many sorts of contentment. The husband, an electrician I think, of Scandinavian cast, also nodded in beaming confirmation. "There's all the laundry and the food things to put away and wash up and the mess in the car"—she made it sound more and more gratifying—"and usually there's a tire or a ski-edge or a zipper or something to get fixed. And by then it's Thursday"—the word Thursday brought a new glow of delight to both their faces—"and I have to market and get some cooking done ahead for the weekend, because everything has to be packed and ready before we go to work Friday, except a few last-minute freezer things. . . ." She ended on a little note of triumph, well aware that a less modest one would have been justified. "And here we are!" We expatiated together on times of abominable road or skiing conditions, mountain all ice as it nearly was that day, fatal pile-ups, and highways closed from blizzards, etc., none of which had yet kept them from their appointed round, and then the husband summed up with an insight little short of majestic, though keeping the smile and commonplace tone of voice befitting the occasion. He said—how could one ever forget it?—"It makes the winter go faster."

Oh yes indeed it must! and the goal is but the grave. Not an uncommon view of it, but no ordinary mortal's lips uttered the brilliant capsule of words. That had to be some god or goddess in disguise, perhaps the gray-eyed one herself, speaking for two seconds across the rude, steaming scene, among the thick-padded gloves spread out to thaw and noses and toes being massaged back to sentience.

Art, discipline, science my foot. That was time-killing of such expertise, only the deepest innate wisdom could account for it, and try as I might to emulate it in my months of effort, I had to admit failure. I'm shallow, just wasn't born with the gift, but it took a lot of hard work to make me realize it. I strained the budget with phone bills, called people I hadn't thought about in years, talked to closer friends half an hour instead of three minutes; thought up dinners that would take hours to prepare, whether with any benefit in taste experience or not; vacuumed room after room without let or mercy. "How nice your house looks!" people exclaimed to my dismay or worse. A dull rage filled me at these kind remarks, about the quiches and boysenberry tarts and crêpes Geneviève too. I wanted to bash such friends' faces in with a skillet or vacuum the hair off their heads —not that some didn't have worse troubles of their own. One becomes unfair, another form of derangement.

The difficulty, I saw at last, was in not having a blueprint. If you're going to kill time, without either habit or native talent to direct you, you must lay out its shape very precisely, not let it straggle all over the place so you're giving it a whack here or a kick or a bite there without serious results; next thing you know it's spreading out before you with as many hours a day as ever. Retired people, used to office or some other regular regime, are said to have the same trouble. So I

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made a chart, just mentally but still a careful one, of minutes, seasons, and the rest of it, but every night some ghost of my old self must have been down in the great hall unraveling it, to keep the suitors at bay, as if a lifelong occupation might some day by miracle return.

It will pass, our Christian Scientist friends said a while ago; it's only temporary, and we spoke no more of it, can't think how it happened to get mentioned at all. You don't discuss venom with snake-handlers or statistics with sociologists or structure with structuralists. From each according to his need, and more power to them all. If it's Error they'd have me in, I couldn't agree more, only on specific causes and effects I can't get around to envying their certainties. Doubt remains a luxury I won't do without.

Time wouldn't stay on my chart, kept crawling off the edges and all over. I gave up and for a while drifted disconsolately, without even that incentive.

I FORGOT to say the laundry line is exceedingly high, put up originally for boat sails—from upstairs porch to way up in a big maple—and that's why the sheets can wave so beautifully, no doubling to cramp their swing or mar the patterns of sunlight. A stiff wind has risen, making a wild chase of tree shadows as sharp as the sheets. The brook has taken on a strange urgency now in its Houdini speeds and skills in afternoon brightness. Perhaps it's because there's so little left of summer that I'm taken by a fearful appetite to understand it, see it all in every second's change, not miss a rock or eddy, swallow it whole if I could.

Impatience in other ways. Some leaves are already falling in this wind. Can't wait for Odysseus to get to Ithaca and be recognized by his dog and kill the suitors and all the rest of it, but we'll have to wait. Telemachus is just sneaking out at night for the ship to go look for him. A lot has to happen before we get him home, including a great change of expectations line by line on our part after the very different grip of the *Iliad*.

Memo: am not lonely, penniless, in pain, alcoholic, or even overweight. Might be all of those some day, and totally blind or deaf too. Many people are, not just in old age, all or most of their lives. But then why? . . . And therein lies the basis of all religions. However, a clergyman who loves fishing is quoted as saying, "There is no clear line between trout fishing and religion." Protestant, of course.

At lunch in Saratoga yesterday an old acquaintance said eagerly, yes, how great it would be to hear Homer aloud, "on the radio for instance," and I was abashed at our luck for three months now, hearing it as we have. Not just one person to another either, often five or six or more, each one's voice and laughter or whatever response—and how strong and ready they can't help being—becoming integral to the story as they should be. Yes, radio or records would be something and are what the life-means of most of us could afford; we too have no such luxury to take for granted.

Lucky, lucky; all very well to say. . . . Yet I do know it, and bless and love it, this luck of mine, of ours. And have kept out from underfoot, a modest accomplishment.

THE wild geese flying over. Cars rushing by, more every time we come back, so many new houses up the road. God help us—sometimes I almost understand those three words. Almighty Zeus, give us favorable winds. I cried again, once, waking in the middle of the night. Frustration at every turn, all day, everything just too impossible. Always loved fall best and thought this one would destroy me, whatever that might mean. Destroy will, spirit, I suppose, curiosity. Oh yes, I was spoiled all summer and how well I knew it and the re-shuffle it would cost later. But minded most what I hadn't foreseen—a moment's positive pride, almost pleasure, in overcoming the handicap in some trivial regard. Gee, look at me, I'm not so helpless after all. Psychologists say that's the healthy attitude, what all the mental-health pros preach and try to inculcate, and I say to hell with them. That's the one moment I despise myself for. If I need lies to cheer me, I'll take gloom. Affliction—any loss of faculties or what gave life sense—is abominable; admit it; wail, rail, shake your fist—that's what I call healthy.

Indefinitely? You want to go on raging like that for maybe twenty-some years?

No.

Well then. You said a while back you didn't want to get used to it.

Certainly not. Categorically.

So you reject the only three alternatives. (1) Get used to it, meaning resigned, maybe just forgetting part of every day how different your expectations once were. (2) Be cheerful, think of the good blah blah blah as per therapy manual (I guess, have never seen one). (3) Keep raging. Of course there's a fourth, blowing your brains out, which you don't seem to be considering for some reason. Do you really mean to say that if you didn't love your family, or have one, you'd think some gup about the human race in its ruinous proliferation was sufficient argument against suicide?

Don't be ridiculous. Anybody who's against abortion and birth control has to be a criminal idiot. Still, I'm evidently a child willy-nilly of the Greco-Roman-Christian tradition, along with any other of similar *parti-pris*. Once the child is born, life is supposed to be let's say secularly sacred; certainly there's peril to more than the principals in doing away with it. Suicide and

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murder both do poison the air, you know, I'd say about equally, like one of those gases escaping from certain chemical plants.

But look, those alternatives—there isn't just a front door; there may be several, plus windows, and cracks here and there too. The lady in this case can boast of all that and what's more a dog door, the plastic-fan type, through which she has sometimes had to reach for the lock burglar-fashion, with hooked wires, etc., when the key had been left inside. Faced by thorny questions, as by lack of a key, she is adept at the by-pass and the Approach Circuitous.

IN THIS instance, returning as usual in September to a Connecticut house left immaculate by model summer tenants, she was, I won't say saved but spun around, brought up short, by (1) the chicanery of repairmen, and (2) the sufferings of friends. Cancer mostly and no regard for age or income. We've cleared the decks pretty much of TB, smallpox, polio, to make way for this, and now medical research comes, or in recent years has come, under that term of abhorrence in Washington—programs. It would take funds, and brains, and education to furnish the brains. Out of taxpayers' money! Unthinkable. They'd rather take their chances; it's a lottery, not everybody gets hit, some still die of old age. So build up the "private sector" instead (used to be called business) and everything will be hunky-dory.

Another angle on that sector, or segment, though geometry must have some more exact term for what's nearly the whole pie, comes in with the repairmen. I said they did a lot to restore my shattered spirits, and so they did, by the technique of the counter-irritant. Nothing like a good fit of specific frustration and fury for chasing out the amorphous kind, or doldrums. In the presence of a General Westix serviceman a doldrum cannot survive; it shrivels, utterly defeated. I say GW only to single out one from the twenty-six similar incidents of the same week. Any other would do as well, involving a bent car fender, leaking boiler, malfunctioning thermostat, racking cough in washing machine, sulking vacuum cleaner that would only exhale, a fire- and burglar-alarm system that brought the police cars Monday when a fly crossed its line of vision and stayed mum as a clam Tuesday for half a kitchen in flames (no burglars that week), etc. Never mind the dehumidifier that had turned itself into a sprinkler or the mystery well that appeared in the cellar, the work of some peevish nymph I believe; at least I distinctly heard a female voice from there telling us to get out of our own house if we didn't like it. Like it? We love it! We've spent twenty-four years and sweat of our brows by the bucketful molding it to our hearts' desire. I just wish I had a degree from M.I.T. and the gray-eyed goddess Athena a little more on my side.

It was just the clock on the stove I wanted fixed, because the way things are now it's the only one in the house I can tell time by. Clock, I said to the woman on the GW phone; nothing else, don't want the timer, never have used it, only have it because I couldn't get the stove without it even though it cost extra. So now I said again, very clearly, just clock. She said minimum charge $14.95. I said that's a lot for a kitchen clock, I could get one for $7.50—that was a few days ago, they're $8.95 now—but I need it so all right.

The main or perhaps only qualification for suburban servicemen is being tall and personable; there must be sidelines to the job that I wouldn't know about. The tall personable young man strode haughtily to the kitchen, miffed from the start to find a housewife, in bathrobe all right—it was 8:30 A.M.—but considerably over thirty. He pulled the stove out two inches, gave it a poke on the upper rear, pushed it back and said, "We don't repair clocks. We only replace the whole timer unit. $71." I repressed the relevant piece of my mind and said the voice on the GW telephone should have told me that. He got a bit more sour-pussed and made out a bill for $19.95. I said he'd been in the house exactly ninety seconds and done nothing, and if that wasn't minimal I didn't know what was; anyhow I wasn't going to pay ten cents still less any $19.95 or $14.95 when they had no business sending him in the first place. He said would I sign the invoice. I said no. Am still waiting for an upper-echelon voice to call back as promised. Of course we'll get the bill for $19.95 anyway, but I just want to ask a few personal questions, like the name of the president of the corp., and what ski lifts does he patronize; I've often shared lift cars with that type over the years and had some interesting conversations.

Still, that's nothing to body-repair shops and their recondite arrangements with insurance companies. There's a Polyphemus for you; get in that cave and they'll have you for dinner. Wednesday for a few minutes I considered a version of the Odysseus ruse. While they were inside adding on another $100 I would slip under the car, give it a push and with agility born of desperation, like the mariners under the one-eyed giant's sheep, hang onto the axle for dear life while the car rolled down the hill, away from that robbers' den. But they must have suspected something and came out too soon.

By Thursday so much else of the same sort had happened, and the bank account was so depleted, I was just glad to be alive, which was the point of this narrative. A miracle, you might say. Something does move in mysterious ways its wonders to perform, and logical positivism or negativism to circumvent. The cat came back too, a matter for rejoicing. I had searched hours along the road, having suffered too many griefs from it even in earlier years, when it was nothing like now.

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Our very dear friend Yuri, eighty, is dying and the hospital won't let him do it peacefully. Has been in agony for days.

VIOLENT ambivalence toward all my new toys—and the next time I hear the word "aids" I intend to misbehave. Paraplegics can't like it much either, at least the first year or two. Salesmen's word, and I wish all my friends so lucrative a business. House strewn with these new objects, big, little, black, white, portable, importable. Great fish-eyes leering up from beside bed or telephone, or bending from spring-controlled neck at end of metal tendril rooted in weighted base on the floor, announcing it's there to stay. Baby googlies giggling at bottom of purse, crawling around bureau drawers, liable to turn up asleep in a glove or anywhere. Big Momma loosens a spring, leans toward your armchair, turning on monstrous illumination like smile of hired sympathy: "How's it going today, Lovey? And what a lovely day it is! Well, here I am to help you, now let's see. . . ." Shit. Knock it over if you could. No, costs too much. Just ignore its personality, try to use it, and remember you were showing off all these things with a certain childish pride to a visitor only yesterday.

Bad piece of timing by the darling doctor in this matter, his only mistake as far as I know. He brought it up too soon. I wasn't ready, family either, tears theirs that time; one had misunderstood on the previous visit, thought there was hope. I knew better, but even so when I heard him sending me to Dr. Zero the bottom fell out. On Dr. Z.'s door the sign reads, *"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch 'entrate";* somebody has pasted two or three Happy stickers around it, grin line in stupid circle face, revolting product of current national schmaltz. Philosopher friend was right; he said some truths better not told. At least not without subtle preparation, and few are born that subtle.

So eventually got through Dr. Z.'s door, more dead than alive; others in same or worse condition in waiting room, some very young. Breezy fellow—dept.-store Santa Claus, cajole the kiddies, get them smiling like the stickers on the door, which maybe he put up himself. And little by little acquired the hateful things, when the rest of me wasn't looking, and more hatefully could sometimes reach for them without hate, as people do with an ordinary pair of glasses. Thus is custom established and rebellion gnawed away, exactly as under political dictatorship.

That was going on all summer, but no occasion then for other angers and self-denigrations that arise on any foray into the city. The saleslady, the girl at the cafeteria counter treat you like an idiot, so you feel like one. The affliction apparently doesn't show, or not enough. The sign, arrow, price tag, cottage cheese versus fruit salad are right under your nose. Naturally you cringe before these people, when not wanting to beat the bejeesus out of them instead. But look who's complaining at their rudeness and unkindness. You wouldn't want to exchange your life and mind for theirs, would you? you think they have no grievances of their own? As to the pariah bit, it would be worse in Latin countries. Cripples, any physical defect or deformity, bad luck, avoided like plague; no mercy, can't afford it. Something to be said for that, at least sanctioned by ancient superstition as against our offhand meanness; you'd know where you stood.

Better perhaps to be needing cane and seeing-eye dog? No, muggers go for that; the cafeteria worker would be still nastier. "They ought to go someplace else, not come here bothering us, right at the worst lunch hour too. They got their own places to go eat, people like that." Have they? where? what kind of places? New stage. New influx of Others. Pretty soon might be allowed in the front door of the club.

This Is Your Hell. Keep It Happy.

For another grinning circle the summer didn't include, we move to an undersea setting. This one is called the Foggy Snorkel. Go into crowded room, many well-known, even good friends, all weeds and corals now until a few inches away, rather pretty. "What's she gotten so uppity about?" Do you hear it or just think you do? Can't go around explaining. If all there were to go on about their ailments! One woman is doing so. Ex-wit, ex-beauty, ex-excellent company; years of tranquilizers have caught up with her, at fifty a wreck, obsessed with misdeeds of doctors, wrong diagnoses; smile overstretched in panic, about to burst, eyes too, from excess voltage. People murmur sympathy, edge away. If she had the nerve she'd be up on a chair, a soap-box, addressing the whole gathering, scrawny as she has become, hideous with levity. "Am I dying? is that it? But I don't know how, I'm not ready, I never learned anything like that! Is my husband already looking around for somebody else to marry? He's so handsome and brilliant, he wouldn't have any trouble. Does anybody care? Am I boring you?"

She is probably not under mortal sentence for the moment, but several are who must be there among the shifting fronds, and you long to speak to them, about that if they chose or about nothing in particular. You radiate affectionate warmth on a high-gloss, thin-brained male stranger, much as a mallet might come down on a box of peanut brittle. Both smiles crumble loudly; an animosity is born. "Oh excuse me, I thought you were. . . ." Then a worse kind of mistake, just from too much swimming, or fear of morays among the rocks. You ask Doris, a foot away and familiar for years, if Joe is there too. "Joe?" She decomposes; no candy here; the result this time is more like overcooked hominy, as in view of long mutual esteem she seems willing to assume any features that

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might fill the bill. She not only isn't and doesn't much resemble Doris, they don't even like each other. She is and always has been Sophie, as you knew perfectly well except for that slip of the brain, and her husband is your old skiing companion, Bob; she also has a son you know well named John; perhaps you meant him? "No, no. . . ." You smile sheepishly and flee, promising to explain some other time, which of course you won't, even if the subtle rift doesn't grow to permanent crevasse.

So you've turned into a liar too, and these aren't white lies. They're the brownish orange of a half-withered tangerine.

Come to think of it, though, Doris and Sophie do have a good deal in common. Same age and height more or less, both daughters of well-known musicians, had similar marital difficulties at one time. It was a natural enough mistake, wasn't it? Wasn't it?

CHILL rain, hard all day, the kind that always beats down everything but the chrysanthemums. I rush out and rescue all I can of the others, to take to Yuri's funeral.

I wonder if being able to see straight lines again might be, partly at least, a matter of psychological correction. The retina might still be registering waves and wobbles—Samson pulling the columns down, everything just about to go—but learned from the brain a kind of simultaneous translation. Probably not, but if true would be fascinating, and then you'd wonder if just the human brain could do it or if animals could be that smart too. Some might be more so, with the help of other capacities we lack. But of course the role of interpretation goes way beyond any such mechanics, however complex; takes you into every deep water there is. The cat, who shares my study in Vermont but never here, has just come in with a small squeak of announcement, approached for a touch of corroboration and is now lying watchfully by the door. She must have known I was puzzling over her cerebral powers. Or may just feel lonely, or want lunch.

Stayed up too late several nights, the end of the *Odyssey* had us so enthralled. A good deal of slapstick by Athena in there, along with the wonderful drawn-out suspense. You get wondering if the floor of the hall was of wood. It wasn't. It was earthen and when the few loyal survivors are cleaning up the mess they do it with hoes. Penelope won't be permitted to wake up from the bizarre sleep Athena has cast on her, and see the room and —after twenty years, at least!—Odysseus, until it is all proper and decent again. It's not considered right for women to admire male prowess these days, but I wish she could have seen her husband's arrow whizzing through those twelve axe-halve sockets, I really do.

Am barely a novice in affliction as I hope I've known all along and said before. Y.'s death leaves the real thing, bad enough for us his many friends but for Nora, some years younger than he, the massive blow. She said they were both reading Proust when he fell ill, and now she didn't feel like getting on with it. Or with any highbrow bookfare for a while, I would think. There are surely times when any little attention-waster is all that can serve. But if any, it might be Homer who could reward and not repel the wounded mind with no comfort of religion to call on. Because he was not alone in moving so wisely in the depths; in some sense he must have had all Greeks of quite a few centuries with him, or they would not have heard him so eagerly and loved him so long. The worst that life could do was a knowledge shared, as we share now a fear of criminals in dark streets, only that involves only tragedy, not any tragic view of life. For that you have to have a common aspiration toward all that the Greeks meant by beauty as well.

Mike F.'s little daughter, we've just heard, has died in the institution.

I NOTICE, with surprise, that I see a good deal better at breakfast-time, not every day but usually. With my fancy light can even read a few lines of newsprint then, laboriously—but still; later in the day can't even get headlines. Some days I forget for a minute or two even to be thrilled by it and read a paragraph as if none of this had happened and force of habit were still operative. Then I remember and have to guard against crazy hope. It comes, you can't help it, it's the secret of Lourdes and what filled me with loathing of that place fourteen years ago; also caused permanent rupture with a devout French Catholic acquaintance we visited in the country the same evening. But didn't you find it beautiful? she asked, or rather asseverated, and I said no, I guessed I was too Protestant, I found it quite repulsive. We have never met again, but that might be partly because we gave her little grandson the mumps, unintentionally. I mean we might have done that on purpose if we'd thought of it but we honestly didn't.

Fight this wild breakfast-time joy, you know it's insane, will bring you nothing but worse misery. However, there's a little technical trick connected with it that can be useful, maybe even in a small way remedial. I find if things are quiet in the house—no repairmen at the door, nobody charging through to read the electric meter for an office that's going to overcharge more every week for whatever he tells them: all these angles of life figure—and I deliberately make myself quiet, breathe deeply, shut out annoyances, avoid looking at the clock (new, $12.89, on the wall), I can read the words quite a lot better. A discovery like that would send a good many people to the nearest guru, if they weren't hooked that way already,

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and I wouldn't argue with them. I'll just stick with the facts myself, insofar as I can latch onto them.

One of them is the stupid game of Suppose, applying only to afflictions of the body. A lot of energy and time go into this game, unbeknownst to the player most often; many odd moments dribble into it, which the mind could put to better use. It would be better if we acknowledged it and said, sorry, between eleven and twelve I can't see anybody, can't go to the hairdresser, I'll be playing Suppose. It's like Mah-Jong—I guess, haven't played that since I was twelve. Each player has a teak, or in the cheap set cardboard, rack on the table in front of him, and draws from a pile, a sort of Pandora's box, of chips marked with all sorts and degrees of disease and accident. Points are given not for cheering up, since that invites hypocrisy and eludes scorekeeping, but just for appropriate supposings, and to quote the rule book for all such games, the player with the most points at the end wins. (Underpaid writers take note: there's always a call for lucid, imaginative prose in commerce—excuse me, in the private sector.) One prohibition is supposing you're dead, or were never born.

If you've lost a leg you can suppose it was both. If lungs are the trouble, suppose it's your mind. If it's mind—but then a friendly rival can drop you a hint, with gestures, so you won't disgrace yourself. If you have plain diabetes or hepatitis you obviously choose the newly developed varieties, the medication for which has shrunk you to a height of two feet. And so forth. If things really couldn't be worse—but there are some conditions most people don't like to play with, since you're not allowed to bring in subsidiary factors such as love, religion, or finances. This is a game for the more or less up-and-about, as a more sociable and less time-wasting form of what they're going to do anyway, that is, supposing how much worse it could be.

As I do. When not studying the contrary. Or more rarely, forgetting about it. Like settling into a new house, not nearly as pleasant as the one you loved so long and were forced to leave. Rotten luck, no point pretending otherwise, and the verb "settle" has unfortunate connotations—of unreliable landfill under the building, of accommodation to less, of the preposition "down" as applied to marriage and "up" for paying a bill. Nevertheless, in this new house it appears that one does eventually settle, up, down, or sideways; just skip the pep talks and that false cheer we were going to examine and it might work out pretty well.

The cheer idea, by the way, didn't get dropped like a stitch but for cause. Too controversial, might get some people's backs up and we wouldn't want to do that, would we? Good spirits in adversity, chin up, keep smiling, that's one of our most sacred cows. I rather resented the slurs on it myself. False? neurotic? so you can't even feel good for a few minutes without berating yourself? There's our Scylla and Charybdis in a nutshell—Shrinksburg on one side, that's the whirlpool (some nut!) and Fat Sap grinning from the cliff on the other. I suggest a compromise. Keeping Affliction squarely in the foreground, let's say a few smiles a day won't be put down as too abnormally neurotic, just so the patient, I mean protagonist, sufferer, citizen, retains a good healthy capacity for gloom and despair at the same time, privately and nationally.

HECTIC days, too much N.Y. for one week, but useful. Music mainly, and friends, keep us from jibbering on the sidewalk or slipping off one side or another, where the tide runs so fast. Ears relenting somewhat, simply couldn't go on being so peevish, just to spite another member of the team; one of these days might know why they make what they do of Mahler's ups and downs. And what a profusion of wonderful young players! Parlous times and all, there they are, another blessing to count. Have also seen some of the mighty of great age—well, no, one is a kid in his upper seventies; two men, two women; sculptor, painter, writer, civil libertarian. Can't speak for business and politics, they're another ("another ballgame" I will say only under torture) ballgame. You don't think infirmities around such people and their grand lifetimes' works.

Ashamed, at no such venerable age, whatever the repairman may think, to be dwelling on mine? Not really, just not all that interested in the subject any more. Odd. Other people's far worse misfortunes didn't have that effect. What does is strong, work-obsessed, fun-loving, high-IQ types—preferably also gorgeous-looking at any age, scintillating, madly generous, athletic, and not overly egomaniacal, but you can't have everything—who barge along full steam to the end, whenever that may be, and don't quite give the thumb to adversity, which would be indelicate, but don't wear it on their sleeves.

So from some of that Homeric exposure and reflection, plus the excitement of leaf-life these past ten days or so, something I meant to record has rather lost its juice. Actually the leaves called for more attention—did they always in October?—in case one should be seeing less of them another year, though it seems that's not inevitable. Anyway, whether it is or not has become rather insignificant. Or at least—let's not overdo this, remember the terms of the compromise—it's not as easy as it was to hang on to, or re-create, or sympathize with, the rage and grief of months ago. I think February or March. It was to go something like this.

But goddammit it Doctor, can't you understand, I can't read! I can't read! Why should I want to

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live like that? Yes I know, it's not your business what I will or won't settle for, I'm only saying it because you're one of the few really good guys left in your profession. You're old-fashioned, you think people are people, you're wonderful. That shitty little technician down there at the hospital with those blazing lights in my eyes so I couldn't stand it and I blinked, I mean my eyelids did, there's such a thing as reflexes I suppose, and you know what he said? You won't believe it. He said, "Keep your eyes open, please." I said, "I can't." He said, "You're making a less than adequate effort." I said, "Can't you talk English? Where did you learn that TV-Watergate-Special hogwash verbiage anyhow? The English for what you're trying to say is 'Try harder.' Even one of the biggies in the private sector knows that much." I hope I said it. At the next machine I started bawling buckets, film ruined I guess, couldn't care less. That one, jerk number two, said, "We'll have the pictures in about two weeks." I said, "Where do you come from? where were you brought up? I'm losing my vision not by the day, by the hour, and you know damn well there's no picture on earth it takes two weeks to develop. We get them from Mars in ten minutes." That was a shot in the dark; maybe it's two minutes.

We got them the next day and I might as well have spared my breath, except for the public-service aspect.

Long ago—about seven months. The leaves we're scuffling through hadn't begun to show their first baby-green. Now their brown remains are thick on the lawn, brown pine needles too; some people don't realize how much conifers shed, in a stiff wind. Must get out and rake. Also feed or replace the pink hyacinths, and cut back the rampant vines we find strangling half our trees every fall—bittersweet, poison ivy, honeysuckle, multiflora roses, and one I never can remember the name of, with big, nearly round leaves and wicked thorns. That and the poison ivy are indigenous with a vengeance, but some of the others, in our innocence years ago and needing ground cover, we actually paid money for, via mail order, they looked so good in the ads. Between them they'd take over the state of Connecticut and Manhattan too in no time if we weren't all keeping after them.

And then for heaven's sake, gods willing, by hook, crook, or Trojan horse (electronic?), to work. Keeping out from underfoot has served its purpose, but as Homer so sublimely teaches, enough's enough. Trouble is, those googlies, etc. make slow going; you need twice as many hours in a day. Not that you didn't anyway.

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Zionism and Jewish Identity

Jacob Katz

JEWISH identity is problematic in the modern world as it was not in pre-modern times. In the Middle Ages and until the breaking-up of the ghetto in the 18th century, whatever the burdens of Jewish life might have been, a self-questioning skepticism about individual identity was not one of them. Jewry and Judaism were defined quite simply in that period as contrasts to Christianity and Islam. The political and social position of the Jew lay in the space granted him by those two rivals—a space that was at times suffocatingly minimal, at times more generous.

Within those confines the Jewish community survived, retained and developed its religion, and cultivated an entire civilization: law, language, folklore, memories of a common past, and expectations of a common future. It was, indeed, through these elements of traditional culture that the Jew of pre-modern times achieved identification with his community. Not that there was no such thing as alienation, or even the defection of individuals and groups to rival religions (as society was divided along the lines of religious affiliation, the Jew who left his own community had no choice but to join another through religious conversion). But what was not known, up to the middle of the 17th century, was a case like that of Spinoza, the case of someone surviving as a Jewish heretic without converting to Christianity.

All this changed in the course of the political and social emancipation of the Jews in the 18th and 19th centuries and the concomitant secularization of both state and society throughout the West. It is noteworthy that the very term used to describe the struggle for a new status—"emancipation"—is a term of celebration, connoting breakthrough and liberation. I do not mean here to pass judgment in retrospect on the question of whether celebration was, or still is, warranted, but to spell out the price that had to be paid for this achievement in the loss of individual identity. For, as the history of the generations succeeding the emancipation testifies, freedom from the constrictions of the ghetto did not lead automatically to integration into society at large. Nor did the loss of contact with ghetto culture lead easily to the acquisition of another culture. Though there were cases of successful assimilation, with or without conversion, collectively speaking the adaptation of emancipated Jews to their environment, and the adaptation of their environment to them, turned out to be a more complicated and painful process than the early champions of emancipation had imagined.

The problematic aspects of emancipation became obvious early on, even before modern anti-Semitism, which is the reaction to Jewish emancipation, had set in. It is difficult now, especially from the viewpoint of America, to imagine the pressures to which German and French Jews were exposed in the 19th century. They were asked to adopt the pattern of conduct prevailing in the surrounding society, to merge into the national culture, and to wipe out or at least cover over any Jewish features that may have persisted in their mental or even physical makeup. Virtually nowhere in Europe did the idea of pluralism, or anything remotely like it, take hold. Indeed, not even the official spokesmen of Judaism felt the need for such a concept. Having newly defined Judaism as a religious creed and only a religious creed, they considered that in all other respects Jews belonged to the general category of citizens. In reality, however, Judaism even in its post-emancipation version continued to represent an entire minority culture, and the Jews a conspicuous subgroup. The problem was that no ideology had been developed to justify or account for this state of affairs. The resulting burden of a split and confused identity caused terrible suffering among many Jews, whose very personalities were disfigured by the dilemma.

Zionism appeared to offer a solution—one can almost say salvation—to Jews caught in this predicament. For if, as Zionism held, the Jews were to be defined as a nation, with a collective past *and* a collective future, then Jewish "peculiarity" not only became intelligible but was worth preserving and cultivating. The problem of identity was of course not the only problem to which Zionism was

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a response—we need only mention such factors as the homelessness of East European Jews who had been compelled to emigrate to the West, the emergence of political anti-Semitism, and not least the impact of the new semi-secular messianism among Jews envisaging a revival of the ancient Jewish homeland—but still, many who joined the Zionist movement were indeed motivated by the belief that they would gain thereby a defensible definition of their group identity.*

The recently published correspondence of Martin Buber shows the liberating effect his message of Jewish nationalism had on some of the outstanding Jewish intellectuals of his day. Active in the cultural environment of Vienna, Prague, and Berlin, they still felt themselves to be different, set apart, but lacking the intellectual tools to account for that sense of difference and the ambivalence that went along with it. Buber's conception of Jewish nationalism, with its claim to embody a unique set of spiritual values, was exactly the formula these intellectuals needed to come to terms with their situation.

Nor was Buber the only Zionist ideologue whose arguments appealed on the intellectual level. The Hebrew writer Ahad Ha'am proposed that Jewish intellectuals in the West were not free to speak their own minds because of an inner anxiety about being stamped as Jewish, and were thus inhibited from realizing their full creative potential. Zionism, he argued, with its promise of an all-embracing Jewish cultural environment, offered the Jewish personality the opportunity of unhampered and harmonious development. Other Zionist writers argued along the same lines, and their arguments were gratefully received by the class of intellectuals to whom they were addressed.

DID Zionism live up to its promise? The answer one gives will depend upon one's notion of what constitutes a Jewish environment. Two extreme visions of such an environment were proposed in the early days of the Zionist movement, one religious vision and one secular vision.

Religious Zionists imagined that by a return to the Jewish homeland and the establishment there of an exclusive Jewish society, all the historic wounds inflicted on the Jewish psyche would automatically heal. In the seclusion of Palestine they hoped to rebuild a Jewish community untroubled by the forces of assimilation and religious reform. Thus, one prominent rabbi, Akiva Josef Schlesinger from Pressburg (Bratislava), despairing of the struggle against what he regarded as the absolute decline of Jewish life in Europe, left in 1870 for Palestine, where he aimed to establish a community that would be immune to the dangers of modernity. He conceived a kind of order self-supporting through physical labor, agriculture, and industry, but otherwise dedicated to the Orthodox way of life.

Schlesinger antagonized the leaders of the old religious community already resident in Palestine, whose ideal was the contemplative life, dedicated to prayer and the study of Torah, in return for which they expected to be supported (as indeed they were) by pious Jews around the world. This, however, did not deter Schlesinger or other religious Zionists from believing that the new movement, though apparently in conflict with some elements of the tradition, would lead ultimately to its rehabilitation. In the thought of Rabbi Yitzhak Ha-Kohen Kuk this belief was founded upon a veritable messianism. A great talmudic scholar and a genuinely creative mystic, Kuk conceived of the Jewish national revival as the first step toward the spiritualization anticipated by the Jewish tradition for the messianic age. Similarly, Rabbi Yehuda Fishman-Maimon proposed to reestablish the ancient judicial institution of the Sanhedrin, a proposal cautiously countenanced by Rabbi Kuk as well. Though seemingly of practical purpose, this suggestion was also prompted by quasi-messianic expectations, as it was felt that the restoration of Jewish society in the ancient homeland would be incomplete without the institutions which had conducted the affairs of the community in ancient times.

Quite apart from messianic stirrings like these, religious Zionists based their hopes for a regeneration of Judaism on their analysis of the effect of emancipation on the traditional religious loyalties of Jews. The price of political emancipation was assimilation, and assimilation meant a defection from traditional Jewish life throughout the West. In place of emancipation, the Zionists offered *self*-emancipation, a process of inner liberation that, in addition to restoring political self-respect to the Jews, would restore religious self-respect as well. Had not Theodor Herzl himself declared that the return to the Jewish land would have to be preceded by a return to Judaism?

Unfortunately, the Judaism to which Herzl or any other modern Zionist was ready to return was not the Judaism of the pre-emancipatory period, the deterioration of which was so much deplored by traditionalists. In fact, the traditionalist analysis was overly simple. Simultaneously with political and social emancipation, the Jewish community had become confronted with all the forces of modernity itself, and there was no way it could have escaped the dissolution of old patterns of life which was modernity's legacy everywhere. The most the traditionalists could have hoped for through their program for a culturally self-sufficient society was that Jews would no longer disavow totally their cultural heritage. This, however, would hardly be tantamount to a reinstitution of religion in the life of the community.

* This thesis is argued with particular reference to German Zionists in a new book by Stephen M. Poppel, *Zionism in Germany 1897-1933: The Shaping of a Jewish Identity* (Jewish Publication Society).

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If the expectations of the religious, then, amounted to a romantic longing for a lost past, the other extreme of the ideological spectrum, the secular wing of the Zionist movement, harbored similarly illusory ideas about the harmonious identity to be engendered by the new society. One-time Enlightenment intellectuals and socialists, strong critics of Jewish tradition, the secularists conceived of the return to the ancient homeland as an absolutely new beginning which meant leaving behind all that had attached itself to Jewish life throughout the long sojourn in foreign countries, including what the Jews themselves had created in the constraining circumstances of exile. Into this category fell not only the Jewish mode of life in ghetto and *shtetl*, but the whole of rabbinic Judaism. The only element of the past to be absorbed by the culture of the future was to be the Hebrew Bible, the creation of the national genius in its pristine state.

It goes without saying that the secular Zionists were no more able than the traditionalists to live up to the consequences of their ideas. They certainly did not abandon the cultural heritage of post-biblical times. Even the revival of the Hebrew language, no doubt the greatest cultural achievement of the national movement, and an indispensable precondition of its success, could never have been accomplished on the basis of biblical vocabulary alone, as some purists would have had it. Modern Hebrew absorbed elements from every historical stratum the language had passed through—biblical, talmudic, medieval, and premodern—and drew upon every literary form in which it had ever been employed. Nor did secular education in Palestine—and later in Israel—forgo the study of the classic talmudic literature, or the Hebrew poetry of the Middle Ages. Selected portions of these have become part and parcel of the school curriculum on all levels in present-day Israel.

A similar divergence is evident in the study and evaluation of Jewish history. Theoretically, a self-sufficient society and an independent state would have no use for the history of a Diaspora people. Nor could a record of passive suffering serve as inspiration to a free people. As the novelist Haim Hazaz put it in a fictional dialogue between two early pioneers, there was no such thing as Jewish "history"; history was something made by Gentiles, of which the Jews had been merely the passive victims. Practically, however, both in the pre-state period and thereafter, an immense interest has been expressed in almost every aspect of Jewish history, and on almost every level, both scholarly and popular. It is true that the first generation of *sabras* had its difficulties identifying with the history of Jewish martyrdom or sympathizing with the proverbial passivity of Diaspora Jews. To them, biblical times and the saga of Jewish independence during the period of the Second Commonwealth seemed more "relevant," and more real. But after the catastrophic destruction of European Jewry in World War II, the vanished world of the East European *shtetl* came to be idealized in the popular consciousness—a reversal so sudden and complete as to cast doubt on the depth of the previous estrangement.

The project of ignoring thousands of years of history and culture was utopian in any case. It had been the dream of the "Canaanites," a group of young intellectuals, to create a locally based civilization related to that of the autochthonous population of pre-biblical Palestine. Reflecting the deep attachment of the Palestinian-born generation to its physical environment, these intellectuals aimed to transform that attachment into a basis of collective identity, while at the same time excluding everything their parents had tried to transmit to them of their Jewish and even their Zionist heritage. As such, the Canaanite ideology may be seen as the extension of the secular Zionist idea to its extreme limit of consistency.

Certain of the early political thinkers of Zionism, starting with Herzl, imagined that once the Jewish state had gathered to itself all those Jews who would not or could not find a place in their respective countries of origin, all the remaining Jews would assimilate and be absorbed into their environment. Left to its own devices, the Jewish state would then develop a separate identity by resorting to an early phase of Jewish, or even pre-Judaic, culture. Some such idea was expressed by Jacob Klatzkin, a scholar and philosopher, in the 1920's, by Arthur Koestler in the late 1940's, and by Georges Friedmann, the French-Jewish sociologist, in the 1960's; it must be regarded as a fantasy. There was never a likelihood that the existence of a Jewish state would facilitate the assimilation of Jews in the Diaspora. What *could* happen was that the creation of a Jewish commonwealth in Palestine would make a point around which the communities of the Diaspora could rally, and from which they could receive cultural inspiration to keep them going and keep them Jewish.

To what extent the state of Israel actually performs this role will be discussed below. But it is certain that the opposite conception—of an ever-widening gap between the Jewish state and the Diaspora—is mistaken, just as the idea that Zionism could recapture a stage of development fifty or sixty generations old was and remains a figment of the imagination.

GIVEN the illusions under which both religious and secular Zionists labored, and given too the extreme polarization between them, it may seem a wonder that they were able to cooperate at all on a common program. The fact that they did so suggests a basic acceptance of mutual identification as well as an understanding of the real historical forces that were at work.

Jewry in the last third of the 19th century,

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when Zionism emerged, was confronting two such historical forces, modernization and secularization. The traditional definition of Jews as the remnant of biblical Israel, loyal to the mission implied in its name, had been undermined, with everything that entailed by way of a loss of collective identity. The political program of emancipation seemed at first to offer a solution to this dilemma—albeit one that implied the ultimate disappearance of the Jews as a special entity—but as this process was resisted by internal as well as external forces (Jewish social cohesiveness on the one hand, anti-Semitism on the other), a redefinition of Judaism became intellectually imperative. This redefinition had to account for the continuing existence of the Jews as a collectivity without rescinding the insights and commitments which had newly imposed themselves upon Jewish consciousness. The term that offered itself was the Zionist one of the "nation."

There was nothing artificial about the use of this term, which in fact had long been present in the traditional conception of Jews and Judaism as well. Theological Judaism posited the existence of a Jewish nation, with a long and peculiar history related to the possession of its land of origin, a land to which Jewry was destined to return in an undefined but never doubted future. The elements of this nationalism are akin to those of European nationalism; and it is beyond doubt that the emergence of nationalist movements in the 19th century encouraged the full articulation of a Jewish parallel. The difference lay in the fact that other peoples already possessed the concrete elements of nationalism: they lived on their national ground, at least some of them spoke the national language, they were a compact (if politically oppressed) society.

In the case of the Jews the concrete elements of nationalism were still embryonic or dormant. The destitute communities of the Holy Land fulfilled a symbolic role as representatives of the Jewish claim to the country, but offered a limited foundation for a national movement. The rest of the prospective national body lived scattered among the nations of the earth, partly assimilated and thus shorn of obvious "national" qualities, partly still moored in the patterns of traditional life and thus unlikely to participate actively in the shaping of a national future. That in spite of these impediments the national movement succeeded in mustering the resources for a pioneering effort of resettlement, for the creation of a new society, and finally for the establishment of an independent state, will long remain a marvel—to anyone, at least, who believes that describing facts in chronological order is not tantamount to explaining them.

One of the forces propelling the Jewish national movement was the tradition of Jewish messianism. This force had erupted over and over again in earlier centuries with the appearance of so-called false messiahs, demonstrating the never-fading faith of the Jewish masses in the ultimate termination of the Exile through miraculous redemption. The emphasis, however, was on the word "miraculous." According to tradition, redemption would take place through divine decree, the hastening of which, if possible at all, could be brought about by spiritual means alone. This traditional conception was transmuted in the modern period not only by secular thinkers, but also by some Orthodox rabbis, who, impressed by the events of political emancipation, concluded that the divine will demanded of the Jews that they take their destiny into their own hands.

The unwillingness to regard the present conditions of society as final—an attitude characterizing many Jewish reformers and revolutionaries in our time—has often been ascribed to the residues of a specific Jewish mentality, even in the case of individuals who have severed all conscious ties with their community. Though not easily demonstrated, the proposition deserves to be taken seriously. That the crumbling of the ghetto walls and the shedding of traditional restrictions released a tremendous amount of pent-up energy among Jews, an energy that astounded and at times frightened the surrounding world, is an observable though sometimes unwelcome fact. What the Jewish national movement accomplished was the channeling of a good part of this energy into the realization of the secularized messianic vision.

Secularization is often understood as the mere extraction of certain domains of life from the restrictive sphere of religion. Such extraction indeed occurs, but the most significant effects of secularization are to be seen when the emotion once directed at a religious term, image, or entire world-vision is transferred to its secular counterpart. The outstanding Jewish example of this phenomenon is the way in which Zionism retained the traditional and religiously sanctioned goal of a return to the ancestral homeland, attributing to it as well all the desirable features of a wholesome national existence: political independence, economic self-sufficiency, the return to nature and physical work, as well as the establishment of a society based on equality and justice. All these objectives were conceived by Zionism as inherent in the old Jewish idea of redemption, prevented from realization on account of the conditions of exile. True redemption—the establishment of a society free from the shackles of the *Galut*—would liberate the forces latent in the Jewish mentality and produce the miracle of the regeneration of Jewish life.

Utopian as this vision may have appeared to anyone who did not share it, whatever has been accomplished in its name—and this has been considerable—is due, paradoxically, to this utopian quality. The more tangible factors—pogroms, anti-Semitism in the West, and the resultant economic and political insecurities—were responsible

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in an immediate sense for the desire on the part of Jews to seek out new prospects and new vistas. Yet these pressures by themselves elicited only the accustomed response of escape through emigration. The majority of those uprooted by the anti-Jewish measures of the late 19th and early 20th centuries went to countries where they hoped to find a better situation, leaving the problem of their identity to the exigencies of chance. It was just this abandoning of the fortunes of Jewry and Judaism to the hazards of chance that the Jewish national movement attempted to combat. In adopting its vision of national reconstruction, it wished to erect a secure framework for the inevitable process of modernization, without incurring the loss of Jewish identity.

Modernization, of course, involves change, which is why the dream of a new society constructed according to some ideal religious or secular image turned out to be utopian. The society of the early pioneers and of the Mandate period, no less than the society of present-day Israel, took on all the features of modernity, including the modern tension between tradition and innovation. This tension was and still is evident in many walks of life, especially in areas connected with religion. The utopians who, if they were religious, hoped to restore national unity by reinstating the primacy of religion, or, if they were secular, hoped to eliminate it altogether, would both have reason to be disappointed.

Religion does loom large on the Israeli public scene, not only insofar as the state takes cognizance of religious values, but also in that one section of Jewish religious law—the section dealing with matters of personal status, especially marriage and divorce—is included as part of the Israeli legal system. But it would be hasty and incorrect to conclude from the quasi-official status of the Jewish religion that Israel is a theocratic society. The retention of rabbinical jurisdiction over one facet of life is not only an anomaly by the standards of Western secularized countries, it contradicts the basic rule of Israeli society as well—the rule that the individual is free to choose whether and to what extent he will subscribe to religious practice and accept religious teaching.

But if the contradiction between religion and modern life remains, in some domains, in full force in Israel, in other respects tradition has been transformed into viable modern patterns. The recurring festivals of the religious calendar, for example, are celebrated at least by a minority in strict accordance with ritual law, and this fact alone lends them an air of antiquity and authority. In the initial stages of national reconstruction, attempts were made to divest the ancient festivals of their religious character and to turn them into mere national commemorations; this tendency has now receded, and public celebrations, as in the army, are for the most part traditional in character. Though the arrangement leads at times to conflict between religious zealots and the non-observant—with the former trying to impose strict observance on the latter—on the whole, the traditional celebration of festivals fulfills a unifying function. By assimilating them into the national consciousness, Israelis also demonstrate their ties to Jewry and Judaism—just as, conversely, the celebration of Israeli national holidays (Independence Day, Memorial Day) has become a regular part of the calendar for most Jewish communities abroad.

FINALLY, where it was once predicted that the divergence between Jewish and Israeli identity would increase over time, it has actually diminished. This is the result of an internal Israeli development, but one which has had a parallel in the Diaspora. Outside Israel there was the expectation, or rather the apprehension, that the overwhelming focus on helping Israel and the preoccupation with Israel's military crises would divert energy and attention from the needs and potentialities of the Diaspora communities. Tension and competition between Israel and the Diaspora have indeed arisen on both the material and on the spiritual levels, but in the final reckoning the ascendancy of Israel has elicited in the Diaspora forces and energies of an unexpected magnitude, and a great deal of the resulting benefit has redounded to Diaspora life.

At the same time, the utopian expectations associated with the emergence of Zionism and the creation of Israel have failed to materialize. What has evolved is a kind of collective Jewish destiny, beyond the decision of individuals and groups. To become or not to become a Zionist was at one time a matter of free choice for Jews, and many declined the Zionist option. Thus, Hermann Cohen, the distinguished German-Jewish philosopher, when asked why he, though a committed Jew, was not a Zionist, answered: "Those people wish to be happy." For Cohen, the Zionist desire to extricate the Jews from the duality of life in the Diaspora would have entailed the elimination of precisely the most intriguing element of Jewish existence. This little anecdote took place before the Balfour Declaration of 1917, before the Holocaust, before the struggle for the survival of Jewry and Judaism in an independent Jewish state. Today, the situation is reversed: it is those Jews who declare themselves non-Zionists or anti-Zionists who display the longing for happiness. Were it not for Israelis and Zionists, they seem to be saying, we could live in happiness and peace. Yet happiness of that sort, alas, seems not to be the lot of the Jew. His real choice, which is a moral choice, is whether to ignore his situation or confront it with a full sense of the responsibilities it entails.

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Europe Breaks Apart

Michael Ledeen

AMID the general clamor surrounding the unleashing of the Carter administration's new foreign policies, a major anniversary slipped by with little fanfare; in Rome late in March, the members of the European Common Market celebrated the passage of two decades since the establishment of that institution. The Treaty of Rome in 1957 was supposed to have been the first step in the creation of a new Europe, free from the dangerous nationalism which had twice in this century led the continent into catastrophic wars. The Common Market was designed to minimize the risks of divisive economic competition, thus making it more likely that the European nations would find it possible to achieve some sort of political integration in the following years. It appeared that Europe, along with its American ally, had learned the basic lessons of World War II. The two parties seemed to have concluded that it was necessary to break with the nationalistic traditions of the past, both because nationalism was a cause of warfare on the continent and because, in Hajo Holborn's words, "No Western European state, or for that matter, not even all the Western European nations together, could resist Russia's power."

Those who advocated European unity realized that this was an enormously desirable development for both partners in the Atlantic alliance. Europe could not defend itself alone, and thus needed American assistance and guarantees. On its side, the United States badly needed a free and viable Europe. For the greater the coherence and coordination of the European nations, the more successful NATO—the cornerstone of the effort to contain the Soviet menace—was likely to be.

All these themes were present in the speeches of the founders of the Common Market, and hopes were high twenty years ago in Rome that Europe, hand in hand with an aroused United States, would soon provide the necessary structures and strength of will to block any Soviet designs on Western Europe. Under the circumstances, it is just as well that the twentieth anniversary of the Treaty of Rome received such scant attention in the American press, for the "New Europe" is in considerable trouble. If the marriage of the old continental nations was celebrated two decades ago, we are today witnessing a trial separation. Despite the solemn vows to cherish, honor, and preserve one another, the nations of Western Europe now show alarming signs of reverting to their old prewar habits of narrow chauvinism.

Such at least is the conclusion one is forced to draw from the general elections of 1976 held in various European countries. By and large these elections have been analyzed in terms of the traditional categories of Left and Right, which has produced a mixed bag of results: a shocking and perhaps historic overthrow of the Western world's oldest socialist government in Sweden; a significant, if somewhat less than triumphant, advance by Italian Communism; and a razor-thin victory by a coalition of liberals and social democrats in West Germany. The Belgian elections produced a stand-off between the governing centrist coalition and the Socialist party, while Dom Mintoff's contested victory in Malta marks the triumph of both Mintoff's peculiar brand of nationalist socialism and the meddling of Libya's Colonel Muammar al-Qaddafi from the southern shores of the Mediterranean.

BUT a somewhat clearer pattern emerges if we look at the election results from a different angle. In each case, foreign-policy issues played a major role, and the forces of nationalism (very different from one another, to be sure) scored clear gains. The Swedish instance is perhaps the most dramatic, because of the almost mythological quality which that socialist government had acquired in the eyes of the world. Sweden was the official showcase for both democratic socialism and a particular kind of internationalism. If some people were inclined to argue that socialism was fundamentally anti-democratic, one could always point to Sweden as proof that democratic socialism was flourishing. Moreover, Swedish foreign aid was designed in a unique way:

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the budget was modeled on that of the United Nations. Olof Palme and his supporters like to say that old chauvinistic considerations had been eliminated in Sweden and that a kind of international conscience, if not consciousness, had been created there.

This was the government that Swedish voters rejected after forty-four years in office. They rejected it for several reasons. Many were worried about Palme's program of proliferating Swedish nuclear-power plants. Others were fed up with the relentless advance of the bureaucracy, particularly with its tax-collecting methods. Still others were alarmed by the program of the trade-union movement, which would have converted the national economy from one where over 90 per cent of industry is still in private hands to one where virtually every major company would pass into the hands of the workers (i.e., the unions). Palme took care not to endorse the proposal publicly, but many suspected that he would soon have done so had he been reelected.

Finally, and crucially for our present purposes, many Swedes were disgusted with Palme's demagogical Third-Worldism and what the French centrist newspaper *L'Aurore* called his "one-way humanitarianism." The Palme who had mounted his white horse on behalf of the Vietcong was nowhere to be heard when the Khmer Rouge emptied the cities of Cambodia; and American radicals were always given a greater measure of support than dissidents from Sweden's nearby superpower, the Soviet Union. Significantly, the only really violent debate in the Swedish parliament in the year prior to the elections was over proposed aid to Cuba (a fact virtually unnoticed in the American press). Palme supported it, and eventually won, but it cost him heavily. Many Swedes were less than enthusiastic about financing Castro's foreign adventures, and many others wished for a more balanced foreign policy than that advanced by the radical-chic spokesmen of Palme's coterie. (One of the most powerful members of the new government, Per Ahlmark, is a vigorous supporter of Israel.)

All this suggests a shift in Swedish political sympathies which cannot be explained solely in terms of pro- or anti-socialist sentiment. The Swedish elections showed that the high tide of "progressive" internationalism is beginning to run its course, and that a more particularistic sentiment is in the ascendant.

THE same pattern can be found in West Germany, where Helmut Schmidt's government survived only by the narrowest of margins. The German elections followed the Swedish ones by a few weeks, and Schmidt's most charismatic opponent, Franz Josef Strauss, put the Swedish results at the center of his campaign rhetoric. Strauss argued that the Swedish vote represented a voice of fear: fear that Sweden had already moved from social democracy to pure socialism, and that it was well on its way to "Communist collectivism." Strauss attempted to characterize German socialism in much the same terms, hoping to convince the German electorate (which hardly needs to be warned about the dangers of Communism) that a continuation of the social-democratic regime would menace German freedom. The attempt failed, and there has been considerable dispute among analysts of the elections as to whether Strauss's harsh attacks did not in fact undermine a probable victory. Polls show that the social democrats recovered strongly in the last weeks of the campaign, precisely the period when Strauss and his allies were delivering their most intense diatribes. The electorate may have been more concerned about foreign policy than about socialism (it is difficult, in any event, to think of Helmut Schmidt as a wild-eyed radical, ready to lead Germany down the path to Communism), and it is noteworthy that Schmidt found himself forced to repudiate Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik*, and anchor his foreign policy in a special tie with the United States. Had Brandt still been at the head of the Center-Left coalition, the Right might well have taken power in Germany.

This shift within German social democracy is extremely significant, for Brandt and Schmidt were leading spokesmen for an active German role in promoting both European unification and a variation of Palme's "progressive" internationalism. Moreover, *Ostpolitik* had represented the German version of détente, and its failure to sustain popular support holds important implications for the entire Western alliance.

The Italian elections, as usual, were considerably more complicated. Without going into all the byzantine passages of Italian electoral politics, it can be said that last June's elections produced two notable results: a strengthening of the Christian Democrats (at the expense of the smaller parties of the Center and Center-Right), and a further advance by the Communists (at the expense of the Socialist party). There is an anti-Communist consensus in the country, but it is not so solid as to be unchallengeable. Still, the Christian Democratic victory surprised a lot of people, who had expected a more substantial gain by Berlinguer's PCI. The victory was a triumph for those Christian Democrats who had realized that foreign policy was the weakest link in the Communists' armor, and who brought the election campaign to a fever pitch, warning Italians of the consequences of Communist entry into the government. This was portrayed as a potentially fatal threat to the autonomy of the country, an event which would transport Italy from one side of the Iron Curtain to the other, and which would mean the end of Italian participation in the Western world.

The campaign saw an intensification of the Ital-

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ian Communists' attempts to convince the country of the genuineness of their commitment to the West and its alliances. But while Berlinguer and company were reiterating their desire to stay in NATO and participate in the EEC, they also sounded a rather strident nationalist theme (quite similar to that which one hears from certain elements in the British Labor party), complaining about getting short shrift from the Common Market, and suggesting that perhaps Italy might better go it alone. Like the British Left, the Italian Communists were happy to link these complaints to the "crisis of the capitalist system," and other reliable rhetorical warhorses. It may be significant that one hardly ever heard such words from the Socialists who did so badly in the elections. (However, the collapse of the Italian Socialist party is due to many factors, and this may not have been the determining one.)

Nationalism nowadays is not limited to parties of the Left or Right, and it is gaining strength all over the continent. In Malta, we find the mercurial Dom Mintoff, who is cutting his NATO ties and launching a "progressive" Maltese nationalism with the blessings of Chinese and Libyan manpower and funds. In Denmark, there is the incredible Progress party of Morgens Glistrup (invariably considered conservative if not reactionary), which would literally substitute for the country's defense forces a recording which says "I surrender" in Russian, and which, modeling its program on the behavior of its leader, proposes to make it possible for Danes to avoid paying most income taxes. In England as in France, groups at both ends of the political spectrum are spreading the nationalist word. Britain's Labor party has a left wing which is second to none in its chauvinistic defense of purely national interests. It is challenged in this regard only by the National Front on the far Right which adds calls for the racial purification of the country to the separatist rhetoric of the trade unionists and the Communists. In France, both the Gaullists and the Communists are intensely anti-NATO, and sufficiently nationalistic to keep General De Gaulle comfortably immobile in his grave at Colombey-les-deux-Eglises.

How does one explain the new nationalism? The most tempting answer is also the simplest: the tremendous impact of the rise of oil prices following the outbreak of the Yom Kippur War. One must agree with the conclusion of Robert W. Tucker* that we have only just begun to understand the profound effects of the rising energy costs in the industrialized world. England and Italy are at the moment living hand-to-mouth, desperately searching for more funds to bail out their faltering economies. France, Denmark, Belgium, and Holland are all facing strong internal protests against rising inflation; Portugal is solvent only because of the American commitment to keep it afloat at all costs; and Spain has only just begun to face the challenges of modernization and the competition of Western Europe.

But no matter how important the increase in the price of oil, it does not explain the political changes in question here. The most stable economies in Europe are those of Germany and Switzerland, and they are two of the most virulently chauvinistic nations (Switzerland regularly considers legislation to send all foreign laborers out of the country, and has repeatedly refused to increase foreign aid); Italy and Spain, two of the weakest economies, are among the most internationalist in their policies. This suggests a kind of reverse economic determinism: the weaker economies, faced with the impossibility of going it alone, find themselves forced to adopt an internationalist stance, while the stronger countries can permit themselves the luxury of nationalism. But this "explanation" breaks down too, since struggling Britain went through spasms over its entry into the Common Market and has a growing nationalist Right as well as a growing nationalist Left. Moreover, Spain's new politics have nothing to do with economics, but rather with politics *tout court*. It is the passing of Franco and the installation of Adolfo Suarez in power in Madrid which produced the amazing political renovation of Spain. Economic factors have remained relatively constant in the past several years.

The truth is that the basic explanation for the breakdown of the drive to create a more united West lies not in Europe itself, but in the behavior of the senior partner in the Atlantic alliance. During the past eight years the United States has failed to provide any consistently unifying leadership, except in a negative sense: during the Vietnam war, various political forces gathered under the banner of anti-Americanism, thus producing a temporary unity. This helps explain both why America left its allies to their own devices for an extended period and one of the principal American motivations for the policy of détente.

The Vietnam war was very unpopular throughout Europe in the late 60's, making it difficult for European leaders to base their programs on close ties with the United States. There was, accordingly, a tendency for European governments to go their own way, to dissociate themselves not only from American foreign policy in Asia, but from American leadership in general. It was in this atmosphere that Palme's Third-Worldism, De Gaulle's continuing calls for French leadership of Europe, and Italian and French Communist demands that their countries withdraw from NATO gathered steam. The extreme case was France, where both Left and Right demanded an end to the "American connection."

* "Oil and American Power: Three Years Later," COMMENTARY, January 1977.

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It is against this background, as well as that of the American political furor of the late 60's, that one must view détente. At least in part, the policy of détente represented an effort to defuse the American issue both at home and abroad by undercutting the idea of America as a major source of instability and aggression in the world. Last July, Henry Kissinger spelled this out in a speech to the International Institute for Strategic Studies in London: ". . . only a demonstrated commitment to peace can sustain domestic support for an adequate defense and a vigilant foreign policy. Our public and Congress will not back policies which appear to invite crises, nor will they support firmness in a crisis unless they are convinced that peaceful and honorable alternatives have been exhausted." While the specific reference is to the American public and the American Congress, the broader import of Kissinger's thinking is plain. When America's image is tarnished, there can be no "vigilant" foreign policy in the West.

WHATEVER one may say about détente in relation to the Soviet Union, the policy was notably successful in calming the violent anti-Americanism of the late 60's both at home and abroad. However, détente had other less desirable effects on the Western alliance. Despite Kissinger's evident intentions, and regardless of his continued pronunciamentos on the evils of Eurocommunism, détente sent a signal to the West that it was now possible to sup with the devil. Previously, Western Europeans had been wary of extended contacts and deals with the Soviet Union, but they now took what they believed to be their cue from the White House, and initiated a wide series of cooperative programs, ranging from Italian participation in the construction of Togliattigrad and its massive Fiat plant to Brandt's more ambitious *Ostpolitik*. There was no "linkage" between these programs (undertaken by individual European countries) and Soviet concessions to the West in political and strategic fields. More seriously, European Communist parties, which had been perceived as closely linked to Soviet interests, now acquired a new kind of acceptability within the Western world. If Nixon and Kissinger could sit down with Brezhnev and company, why could not the leaders of European nations deal with Marchais and Berlinguer?

Western Communists quickly adjusted their line to the new conditions. Where they had resolutely opposed NATO in the past, they now (in Italy) endorsed it as a means of preserving the global balance of power, or (in Spain) supported American bases. (Again, however, France constituted the extreme case of rampant nationalism, as Marchais denounced both NATO and American bases.) The United States found itself in an awkward position, for Kissinger's warnings about the effects of Communist participation in European governments sounded strangely hypocritical to many ears. Was this not the era of détente? And did détente not mean that the previously contending parties could now negotiate their differences and agree to act in unison when their interests coincided?

Thus, what had to some extent begun as a strategy to draw the teeth of an attack against America from the Left became a golden opportunity for the Communists to advance. And advance they did —in Portugal, in Italy, in France, and in Spain. As they advanced they waved the flag of détente, proclaiming their unending faith in the values of the West even while threatening the alliance which guarantees Western stability and security.

It was of course inevitable that détente would lead to a popular conception of a more benign Soviet Union, and of its political allies within the Western camp. The situation was made even worse by the grave weakening of American prestige and credibility through the attacks on the CIA, the pell-mell rush to print secrets involving America's allies, and the exposure of bribes by American corporations abroad. In the absence of a more active American "presence" in the Western alliance—which would have driven home the point that the new relationship with the Soviet Union did *not* mean that America's vital interests had changed—centrifugal forces were unleashed throughout Europe. Kissinger himself expressed alarm over these tendencies in his London speech:

> We should not allow the Soviet Union to apply détente selectively within the alliance. Competition among us in our diplomatic or economic policies toward the East risks dissipating Western advantages and opening up Soviet opportunities. We must resist division and maintain the closest coordination.

It is ironic, to say the least, that these words should have come from the architect of the very policy which Europeans of both Right and Left quote so cheerfully in their rush toward accommodation with the Russians. The situation is particularly alarming because it is asymmetrical. The Russians have not paid an equivalent price for détente, because their ability and determination to exert influence over their Eastern European "allies" have not been as damaged as have those of the U.S. Repression from Moscow has increased in proportion to efforts from below to strengthen national and individual independence (although the effects of the Helsinki treaty and Carter's new human-rights policy remain to be seen).

THE Atlantic alliance is currently threatened in the Southeast by the Greco-Turkish conflict, in the South by Eurocommunism, in the North by independent-minded Scandinavians, and throughout by conflicts between Americans and Europeans over military standardization and other necessary measures of

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allied interdependence. The problem is not simply one of anti-Communism, nor can it be solved, as many believe, by supporting forces of the Center and the Right against those of the Left. Indeed, it can be argued that the most intensively anti-Soviet groups on the continent are those socialist parties which have learned at first hand about the danger of Russian imperialism, while many parties on the Right have an unlimited capacity to delude themselves into thinking that the old glory days of brave words and breast-thumping are a substitute for European unity and close cooperation between the old and new continents.

From the Russian point of view, the right-wing Morgens Glistrup in Denmark is a major strategic triumph: the spread of Danish-style Progress parties throughout Europe would serve Soviet goals just as surely and just as conclusively as the success of Messrs. Marchais and Berlinguer in future elections. Centrifugal forces, whatever their ideological coloration, are a fundamental threat to Western security in and of themselves. For the net effect of the programs of the European nationalists, Right as well as Left, would be to offer the Russians a glorious opportunity to exert military, political, and economic pressure on Western Europe country by country.

There is, in short, simply no substitute for the unity and commitment to one another of the nations of the West, as the signatories of the Treaty of Rome so well recognized twenty years ago. In London, Kissinger concluded his address by saying: "We know what has to be done. We know what can be done. All that remains is to do it." He would have done better to tell his audience that they had evidently forgotten the vital facts about the world, and that we had all better remind ourselves of them, before it is too late.

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The Assimilationist Dilemma: Ambassador Morgenthau's Story

Barbara W. Tuchman

THE incident that suggested Henry Morgenthau, Sr., as a focus of the modern Jewish dilemma is one of history's classic ironies: that by his alert dispatch of assistance to the Jewish colony of Palestine in August 1914—when serving as U.S. ambassador to Turkey—he saved it from starvation and probable extinction, thus preserving it for the ultimate statehood which he came to believe was a "stupendous fallacy" and "blackest error." Measured in material terms, the aid was minuscule, and the incident remains virtually unknown except to a few investigators; but it was of decisive and immense historical importance.

The circumstances were these: the Jewish settlement in Palestine, numbering about 100,000, consisted on the one hand of pious and impoverished believers who had trickled in over the centuries to die in Jerusalem, together with some families who had never left the homeland, and, on the other hand, of the later wave of conscious Zionists who had immigrated since the 1880's and were endeavoring to establish themselves on land sold to them as worthless by Turkish and Arab landlords. Almost all were dependent either on remittances from abroad, or, in the case of the new colonists, on the export of agricultural products to the West and some subsidy from the Diaspora. They would be cut off from these contacts if Turkey joined the Central Powers—which, Morgenthau foresaw, contrary to Allied expectations, was bound to occur. From his close, and at that time friendly, relations with the Turkish leaders —who were so taken with this unorthodox ambassador that they offered him a Turkish cabinet post —he knew the hope of Turkish neutrality was a delusion.

On August 27 he cabled to the American Jewish Committee in New York, the earliest group of its kind organized in this country for the defense of Jewish interests and of "Jewish civil and religious rights, in any part of the world." The AJC was the organ of what has been called the Jewish "establishment" of those days, that is to say, mainly the German Jews. Dedicated to assimilation in their country of residence, they were *ipso facto* opponents of the Zionist movement for a Jewish state, though not of Palestine as a center of settlement for the persecuted Jews of Eastern Europe.

Morgenthau's cable stated that "immediate assistance" to Palestine Jewry was required and suggested the sum of $50,000. Jacob Schiff of the AJC and Louis Marshall, its president, convened a meeting and raised the suggested sum within two days. Half was contributed by the AJC, $12,500 by Schiff personally, and $12,500 by the American Federation of Zionists. The funds were wired to Constantinople, converted to gold, and carried in a suitcase to Jerusalem by Morgenthau's son-in-law, Maurice Wertheim, my father, who was then visiting him.

When it came to distribution, the gold precipitated an attack of internecine quarreling among the various local organizations, until my father, who was then twenty-eight, picked up the suitcase, locked himself in an adjoining room, and told his clients he would not come out until they had reached an agreement. Under that ultimatum, they did.

The significance of the aid was perceived at the time by a man dedicated to the homeland in Palestine, Judah Magnes, first chancellor and first president of the Hebrew University, the only important American Zionist leader to transfer his home to the land of his beliefs. Speaking at a meeting of the Joint Distribution Committee at the home of Felix Warburg in March 1916, he said of Morgenthau's crucial intervention that "no word can be too strong, no expression too exaggerated" to describe the historical task thus performed.

The initial relief, of course, far from solved the problem, which, as soon as the Turks entered the war in November 1914, became grave. About half the Jewish population in Palestine, including many of the older group and most of the new colonists, were Russian by nationality and had preferred to remain stateless rather than become Ottoman subjects. They were now subject to treatment by the Turks as enemy aliens, with no recourse to protection by Russia, whose pogroms they had fled. Expulsion and even massacre became imminent threats, involving the American ambassador in unceasing efforts to mitigate the harsh and capricious measures of the Turks, while activating, with the help of many others, the aid of his own and the Allied governments.

Six thousand Jews expelled from Jaffa were carried by the USS *Tennessee*, a warship in the area, to Egypt, where the British permitted their entry. Later, the USS *Vulcan* carried food supplied by Jewish re-

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lief organizations to the near-starving community of Palestine. A steady flow of funds collected by Jews in the U.S.—sufficient to give monthly allotments of a few francs each to 50,000 Jews cut off from former sources—had to be delivered by one means or another, past erratic Turkish opposition on the one hand and Allied blockade of Syria and Palestine on the other. At first gold bullion was shipped directly from Egypt on U.S. warships, but when the Allies closed down this entry, Morgenthau resorted to sending the funds by mail from Constantinople to the American consul in Jerusalem, who distributed it to the needy. By these measures the nucleus of the future state of Israel survived.

Another contribution to the future of Israel, as important in a different way, was the support that made possible the revival of Hebrew as a living language. Eliezer Ben Yehuda, the compiler—one might say, the creator—of the modern Hebrew dictionary, was brought to this country in 1914 under Zionist auspices to continue his work in safety during the war years. But the funds to support him and his family while he worked, as well as a house to live in and schooling for his daughters, were arranged for by my father (who had visited Ben Yehuda in Jerusalem) and were supplied largely by *his* father, Jacob Wertheim, and a committee consisting of Jacob Schiff, Felix Warburg, Julius Rosenwald, and Herbert Lehman, the magnates of the so-called gilded ghetto.

WHY did they care about the revival of Hebrew? Or, in the earlier case, about the survival of the colony in Palestine? The answer to that—the unbreakable tie to the group—is the answer as well to the unique survival of the Jews for over nineteen-hundred years without statehood or territory. It is also part of the assimilationist's dilemma.

Assimilation was a solution born of the Enlightenment—a dream of adaptation within a dominant Gentile society while supposedly maintaining something not quite definable called Judaism. Whether this was to be equivalent to, or more than, the Jewish religion depended on the individual interpreter, but in any case, it tended to shrivel in partnership with assimilation. In degree and nature, the whole concept of assimilation was a disturbing problem of belief tortured by doubt, and so troubling that it was not discussed in front of the children. It is likely, I suspect, to remain forever unsolved, never wholly achieved or wholly abandoned.

Meanwhile, the record suffers from a certain distortion—in that the dominant voice, as in every historical record, belongs to the victors, who in this case are the Zionists. Events proved them right with regard to the revival of Israel, and the assimilationists wrong. Consequently, the former appear in the record as the disciples of truth and the latter as obstructionists, blind and selfish bitter-enders, objects of scorn and sometimes of malice. The malice and falsity of Felix Frankfurter's recollections of Morgenthau, published after the subject was safely dead, are a mean-spirited example.

Yet while the Zionists supplied the impulse, the ideal, and the driving force, not to mention the settlers, the fact remains that the German-Jewish leaders in America, whether from motives of guilt, or reinsurance, or a sense of responsibility, or a mixture of these, gave the support without which there would have been no living settlement to incorporate statehood. The work of Louis Marshall, for one, was essential. As chief spokesman of the "establishment," he cooperated with Chaim Weizmann to create the Jewish Agency, through which non-Zionists could support the settlement in Palestine. Nathan Straus was another. His support of public-health and other projects in Palestine, estimated to have absorbed two-thirds of his fortune, is commemorated in the town named Netanya on Israel's seacoast. Ultimately it was Morgenthau's son, Henry Jr., who, on leaving Roosevelt's cabinet, assumed the chairmanship of the United Jewish Appeal in 1947-50 and raised the funds critical for the survival of Israel in the endangered first years of statehood. He was galvanized, I have no doubt, by the failure of his ceaseless effort, as Secretary of the Treasury under Roosevelt, to make the President take some effective action to save Jews from Hitler's Final Solution.

Needless to say, the German program of annihilation was the experience that turned assimilationists into supporters of statehood, anti-Zionists into reluctant pro-Zionists. Nor was it Hitler alone who accomplished the change but the reaction of the Western democracies—the lack of protest, the elaborate do-nothing international conferences, the pious evasions, the passive connivance in which Hitler read his cue, the avoidance of rescue, the American refusal to loosen immigration quotas when death camps were the alternative, the refusal even of temporary shelter, the turning back of refugee ships filled with those rescued by Jewish efforts. More than 900 on board the *St. Louis* were turned back to Europe within sight of the lights of Miami, more than 700 on board the leaking *Struma* were turned back from Palestine to sink with all on board in the Black Sea. Was their fate so very different from that of Auschwitz?

The accumulation of these things slowly brought to light what had long lurked in the shadows of ancient memory: a bitter recognition that the Gentile world—with all due respect to notable and memorable exceptions—would fundamentally have felt relieved by the Final Solution. That the Jewish "establishment" came to believe this about the Gentiles cannot be documented because it was the great unmentionable, too painful to acknowledge, but basically this is what shattered the faith of assimilationists and brought out the funds for support of Israel.

TO GO back to the assimilationist's dilemma: we must be careful, as always in the practice of history, not to ascribe meanings and motives as we see them through the lens of intervening events. To a person of my grandfather's generation and background, the problem was not originally seen as a dilemma. During the first half of his life, he was

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perfectly clear and absolutely convinced about what he wanted and what he believed he could achieve in America.

His Zion was here. What he wanted was what most immigrants wanted at a time when liberty glowed on the Western horizon: Americanization. This meant to him, not the rubbing-off of identity, but Americanization as a Jew, with the same opportunity to prove himself, and the same treatment by society, as anyone else.

If he is to represent the problem, he must be fixed in terms of time, place, and circumstance. On an immigrant boy of the 1860's, America's open door to upward mobility and the 19th century's belief in progress were formative influences, equal to, if not greater than, his Jewish heritage. This is a point that non-Jews tend to overlook. They think of a Jew as some kind of immutable entity, instead of as a product of time and place like any other human being.

Morgenthau was born in Mannheim, Germany, in 1856, the same year as Louis D. Brandeis and Woodrow Wilson, and twenty years after Andrew Carnegie, the immigrant boy's greatest success story. Brought up in early childhood in comfortable circumstances, he came to the U.S. with his family in 1865 at the age of nine, as a result of business reverses suffered by his father, Lazarus Morgenthau, a prosperous cigar manufacturer. Lazarus had risen from the German-Jewish equivalent of the American log cabin. As the son of an underpaid cantor with too many children, he had started life as an itinerant tailor, peddling self-made cravats at fairs and gradually enlarging the enterprise to a business employing others. By the time Henry, his ninth child, was born he had achieved success in the cigar business with three factories and a thousand employees. He could provide a household with servants and the first built-in bathroom in Mannheim, educate his children, indulge the family passion for theater, opera, and concerts, and carry out the traditional philanthropies.

The ruinous effect of the American tariff on cigars plus the persuasions of a brother in America decided Lazarus Morgenthau to emigrate at the age of fifty. In New York he failed to flourish a second time. While his wife had to take in boarders, and the sons had to go out to work, he devoted what remained of his remarkable energy and inventiveness to raising funds for Jewish charities, in the course of which he invented the theater benefit. Persuading producers and theater-owners to donate a performance, he personally went the rounds of prominent Jewish homes to sell tickets at high prices. He had, however, an erratic temperament which, in the family's reduced circumstances, caused a separation from his high-minded and hard-working wife.

From these genes and environment, Henry emerged—Horatio Alger with a Jewish conscience. Speedily learning English, he graduated from public high school at fourteen, entered City College for a career in law but was forced to leave before the end of his first year to help support the family by working as an errand boy at $4 a week. After clerking in a law office for four years while teaching in an adult night school at $15 a week, he put himself through Columbia Law School and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. With two friends he formed a law firm in 1879 when the average age of the partners was twenty-three.

Strongly affected by the fall in family circumstances, and intensely ambitious, he was determined to make a fortune solid enough to withstand economic caprice, to provide for his mother and assure his children the advantages he had missed. He accomplished his goal in the practice of realty law, by conceiving the corporate form of doing business in real estate and by shrewd and venturesome buying of lots at the future crosstown stops of the advancing subway system.

WHILE he was making money, he was constantly troubled and made restless, as shown by his notebook of moral maxims, by the demands of a political idealism and a strong social conscience, which led him to active involvement in municipal reform movements to combat the tenement system, to improve working conditions after the Triangle Shirtwaist fire, to association with Lillian Wald in social work, and most particularly to close association and friendship with a man of advanced ideas, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. It is characteristic of Morgenthau that he was drawn to a radical figure twenty years his junior and that, when Wise refused the conditions proposed by the trustees for the pulpit of Temple Emanu-El, Morgenthau financed him in the founding of the libertarian Free Synagogue and served as its first president. The fact that Wise was already the active and outspoken secretary of the American Federation of Zionists obviously presented no dilemma.

In this respect I am struck by the fact that the two men whom I remember from my childhood as representing Jewish affairs to my assimilationist family were, paradoxically, two ardent Zionists, Stephen Wise and Judah Magnes. No doubt this was because they were both men of outstanding mind and character; but I wonder if it was not also because their primary subject—the return to Palestine—exercised a powerful appeal. Magnes's concept of a bi-national Arab-Jewish state made, I know, a strong impression on my father. I personally do not remember anything very significant about Wise, except that he was rather frightening. He wore an enormous black hat and, I think, a black cloak, and when we met him on the way to school on Central Park West near his synagogue, he used to sweep off the hat with a bow to a child of about eight, and say in his booming voice, "Good morning, Miss Wert*heem*," a way in which no one else pronounced the name.

Magnes was different; there was a quality about him I cannot describe without sounding sentimental: something beautiful in his face, something that inspired a desire to follow, even to love. Although I had no individual contact with him beyond being allowed to sit at the dinner table and listen to him talk, I remember no one who made a greater impression. He talked about travels through wild areas of Palestine and a dangerous adventure in the desert—could it have

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been Sinai?—where he was stranded and came close to death. Beatrice Magnes, his wife, seemed to me equally admirable.

In an opposite sense from my grandfather, there was no dilemma for Magnes either, although he and Mrs. Magnes belonged to the "establishment." It is interesting that of the American Zionist leaders, both Magnes and Brandeis were second-generation Americans, and Wise close to it, having come to this country from Budapest at the age of seventeen months.

To RETURN to Morgenthau: at the age of fifty-six, moved by Woodrow Wilson's appearance on the political scene in 1912, and by a doctor's warning that a loud heart murmur left him not long to live (a prognosis happily wrong by thirty-five years), he reached the rare decision that he had made enough money and could terminate his business career to enter public service. Wilson's fight against social exclusiveness in the Princeton eating clubs made a special appeal to a Jew, who saw in him the image of a true democrat dedicated to equal opportunity for all Americans. Morgenthau pledged $5,000 a month for four months to launch Wilson's presidential campaign, undertook the chairmanship of the Democratic Finance Committee, and, with an additional personal donation of $10,000, became one of the largest individual contributors.

The reward was not, as he had hoped, a cabinet post as Secretary of the Treasury, but a minor ambassadorship—as it then was—to Turkey, the more disappointing because it was a post set aside for Jews. Given Morgenthau's passionate desire to prove that a Jew could and would be accepted in America on equal grounds with anyone else, the offer was peculiarly painful. It was, of course, this intense faith in equal opportunity for the Jew in America, and the fear of being thought to have another loyalty, that made him and others like him resist so strongly the movement for a separate Jewish state. Again, one has to think in terms of the time. The struggle for equal position was then less advanced than it is now and anti-Semitism more emphatically operative. Jews like my grandfather, who had set their lives to overcoming it, felt that political Zionism would supply an added cause for discrimination.

Morgenthau initially rejected Wilson's offer. He changed his mind under the influence of Stephen Wise, who persuaded him of the importance of having a Jew officially in contact with Palestine. He took up his post in Constantinople less than a year before history broke over the Turkish capital, transforming it into one of the key diplomatic posts of the world. Morgenthau found himself in the role of the leading neutral ambassador, caretaker for the Allied embassies, protector and mediator for Christians, Jews, Armenians, and every person and institution caught in the chaos of the Ottoman empire. The task used all his talents —nerve, tact, imagination, humor, and, above all, a capacity for direct action in ways no trained diplomat would ever contemplate. Henry was electric, my grandmother believed; she said she felt weak when he entered the room. The spectacular activity of his tenure at Constantinople does not belong in this essay, except insofar, I think, as the praise and renown he won obscured for him the disappointment of Wilson's original offer, reinforced his optimism, ambition, and belief in American opportunity, and thus his anti-Zionism.

No dilemma entered into his aid for the Jews of Palestine. The impulse was humanitarian, redoubled by group attachment. He was to do as much, if not more, for the Armenians and later, as League of Nations Commissioner, for resettlement of the Greeks. His sense of what it means to be an oppressed people, particularly in the case of the Armenians in whom he saw a parallel with the Jews, certainly underlay both those efforts. He remains today a national hero to the Armenians and has a street named for him in Athens, although none in Jerusalem, which is fair enough.

Zionism did not become an acute dilemma for its opponents until about 1917 when, in anticipation of the end of the Turkish empire, Zionist agitation for a recognized homeland grew intense. In some members of the Jewish establishment the Balfour Declaration touched off almost a sense of panic. At that time, Zionists were bringing pressure on President Wilson for a public commitment, and when, in March 1918, Rabbi Wise led a delegation to the White House for this purpose without informing Morgenthau, who was still president of his pulpit, the sad break came. Morgenthau resigned as president of the Free Synagogue.

In 1921 he proclaimed his opposition to Zionism in an exceedingly combative article, which he republished in full in his autobiography two years later. Zionism, he wrote, is "an Eastern European proposal . . . which if it were to succeed would cost the Jews of America most of what they have gained in liberty, equality, and fraternity." Because of his opposition he saw hazards which the proponents preferred not to look at: that the Balfour Declaration was ambiguous, that the Arab inhabitants of Palestine resented the Zionist program and "intend to use every means at their command to frustrate it." Through a massive polemic of political, economic, and religious arguments, he harshly concluded that the Zionist goal "never can be attained and that it ought not to be attained."

In his eighties, in the shadow of the Holocaust, he privately acknowledged that he had read history wrong. He died at ninety-one, a year before the re-creation of the state of Israel.

The dilemma for Henry Morgenthau was really more American than Jewish. Prior to Hitler and the ultimate disillusion, he saw no need for nationhood because he believed the future of the Jew as a free person was here, and that it was threatened by the demand for separate nationhood. In his fierce desire for proof of assimilation, he established his summer home, when he was in his seventies, in the Wasp stronghold of Bar Harbor, Maine, consorting with the snobs, to my acute embarrassment on my visits. Possibly they liked or admired him—he was a man of great charm, known as Uncle Henry to all acquaintances from FDR to the policeman on the beat—but what

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slights he may have endured, I cannot tell. Yet he never for an instant attempted to play down his Jewish identity or remain passive in regard to his people. On the contrary, he emphasized his ties to them throughout his life, serving as founder, trustee, and officer of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, the American Jewish Committee, B'nai B'rith, Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York, and every kind of Jewish organization.

Assimilation, for him, did not mean to cross over to Christianity; it meant to be accepted in Bar Harbor *as* a Jew: that was the whole point. He wanted to be a Jew and an American on the same level as the best. He wanted America to work in terms of his youthful ideals —and of course it did not. Perhaps the dilemma was America's, not his.

Music

King of Pianists

Samuel Lipman

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ is the king of pianists. Tickets for the limited number of concerts he chooses to play are sold out as soon as his enthusiastic public is informed; the prices charged are higher than those for any other solo instrumentalist, and rather than play for a mere fee he receives by far the larger part of the box-office proceeds. Of the numerous recordings he has made in the past half-century, most are still available, and big sellers to boot—the German subsidiary of RCA has to this date issued no fewer than twenty of his older LP's in what is grandly called the "Vladimir Horowitz Edition." All his recent live performances, when they have not been issued as regular commercial recordings, are available, for those whose tastes run to such things, on so-called private tapes.

If he has been greatly successful with a large paying audience, and if he as a pianist has for many years been *primus inter pares* in the estimation of his colleagues, he has not received unanimous critical acceptance; in the past, influential musical opinion-makers as different as Virgil Thomson and B. H. Haggin have found his playing to be full of distortion, distention, and exaggeration. Even by his greatest fans he is mostly seen as a keyboard virtuoso rather than as the musical thinker he obviously must be in order to have sustained his career over these many years in the wide and difficult repertory he has chosen to perform. Still, regardless of the reservations which to some extent swirl about his playing, he is now everywhere recognized as a historical figure, honored and respected even by his former detractors.

As a man he enjoys a civilized if enclosed life in his East Side Manhattan townhouse surrounded by the *objets d'art* he collects. His social activities seem largely restricted to an intimate circle of friends and business associates. After a lifetime of close watching over his health, he finds himself healthy and vigorous, if perhaps less than convinced of that health and vigor. Though deeply protective of his privacy, he still is not above allowing a firm of musical press agents to work on his behalf, and this past fall he surprised veteran Horowitz watchers by appearing, the very soul of affability, at a record-signing party sponsored by RCA at Korvette's Fifth Avenue store. He practices regularly, he teaches little if at all; he is content to play his pieces the way he likes when and where he likes to play them. The rest, he is plainly saying, is his business.

Little, in point of fact, is solidly known, apart from vital statistics, about this man who has been both so alone in his success and so successful in being alone. The biographical facts, insofar as they are publicly available, are prosaic, at least by the standards of this dreadfully interesting century. He was born in Kiev in 1904 to Jewish parents of the then-emerging Russian middle class; his first piano teacher was his mother. He graduated from the Kiev Conservatory and the same year made his debut in Kharkov. Though he was more interested in composition than in playing the

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piano, the Bolshevik Revolution, by depriving his family of its money, forced him to turn toward concert performance. He performed widely in Russia, playing in the 1924-25 season in Leningrad alone about twenty-five recitals, each with a different program. He went to Germany in the fall of 1925, and in early 1926 played in Berlin a series of three recitals which made a sensation, if not at first a fortune. A triumph in Paris was followed by an American contract from Arthur Judson, then and for many years after the kingmaker of the American musical world.

Horowitz made his American debut—to the wildest audience, and generally favorable critical, acclaim—with the New York Philharmonic under Sir Thomas Beecham in January 1928, playing the Tchaikowsky Concerto on which he was to own a kind of patent. His later association with Arturo Toscanini, which began in 1933, was to provide him both with a wife (he married the conductor's daughter Wanda the same year) and a musical influence which was to be all the stronger because of its closeness to many factors in Horowitz's own musical constitution.

For a period in the late 30's he retired from concert life, but by the war years he was again giving concerts and making records. After great activity in the 40's and early 50's, he retired once more in 1953. It was feared that his departure this time was permanent, but he returned to recording in 1962, and in perhaps the most important event in post-World War II New York musical life, he reappeared in concert at Carnegie Hall in 1965. Since then he has played regularly, if not often, across the country and even in Canada, in addition to giving many New York recitals. Rumor has it that he will play next season in New York with orchestra (he has made no orchestral appearances anywhere since 1953) to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his American debut; in the world of entertainment perhaps only tickets for a reunion of the Beatles would be more in demand.

Though naturally much is gossiped about Horowitz, little else about his life is firmly documented. As a perhaps happy result, his piano playing is left to explain itself. And fortunately, in searching for that explanation, one is not limited to the happy memories of his many recitals, for his recordings—now numbering about fifty LP's—provide an imperishable documentation of his playing. This documentation is all the more valuable because his playing, perhaps more completely than anyone else's, survives the transition from stage to studio with its essential characteristics undiminished.

Horowitz's recording career began in the same year as his American debut. His first sessions for RCA in Camden, New Jersey, involved several small pieces, among them an arrangement of a Scarlatti sonata, a Chopin mazurka, the Debussy "Serenade to the Doll" (from the *Children's Corner Suite*), and the Dohnányi Capriccio in F Minor.[1] Here may be found in microcosm both Horowitz's distinctive style of playing and one side of his lifelong taste in piano music. The playing is immaculate, tonally crisp, rhythmically tight, and alternates strangely between ferociousness and sentimentality. The repertory is typically Horowitz in its fondness for Scarlatti (though later of course he was to eschew, in line with modern taste, arrangements of this composer in favor of the original), the small pieces of Chopin and Debussy, and minor salon pieces which have ranged from Moszkowski through Dohnányi to Poulenc.

Another and vastly more important side of his art is shown in a 1930 recording of the Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 3 made with Albert Coates and the London Symphony Orchestra. This performance, available today on a "bargain" label,[2] bears profitable comparison with the 1951 remake he did with Fritz Reiner.[3] The enormously increased power of the recording process itself in an era of tape perhaps unduly exaggerates the difference between the flowing, relatively simple, and affecting though unaffected performance of 1930 and the hard, jewel-like, disjunct, and idiosyncratically stressed effort of twenty-one years later. But even when technological change has been taken into account, it is plain that the Horowitz of 1951 was a vastly more self-conscious artist who had mined his past in order to identify and intensify his own most striking traits.

Two recordings made in the mid-30's display still another, and perhaps the most distinguished, aspect of Horowitz's achievement—his performances of those masterpieces rather delicately perched between the classical and the romantic piano repertory. These records—of the Haydn Sonata No. 52 in E flat[4] and the Beethoven 32 Variations in C minor[5]—are remarkable for the evidence they provide of Horowitz's ability to purge his performances of this aristocratic music of the clichéd devices of expressivity which were as common in the 30's as they unfortunately are now. What Horowitz does with these pieces is to communicate both their structural integrity (deriving from classicism) and the passion issuing from their participation in the rising tide of romanticism. And the fact that Horowitz has always played all the notes (a phenomenon rarer forty and more years ago than in today's practice-ridden musical environment) hardly hurts the general effect.

But it was a recording of the Liszt B minor Sonata made in England also in the mid-30's[6] which was undoubtedly to prove the most influential of all of Horowitz's early performances. The Liszt sonata, which was written in 1852-53, represents a break with the classical tradition of the sonata both in structure and content; though Beethoven had flouted the tradition, in the end he wrote out of the deepest respect for its symmetry and balance. The revolutionary message of Liszt in this work affected no one more than Wagner, who was urged along his own way of musical integration through repetition and alteration of motivic material by Liszt's use here of three themes as

1 RCA LM 2993.
2 Seraphim 60063.
3 RCA CRM 4-0914.
4 Seraphim 60063.
5 Pathé-Marconi 2 C 061-01902 M.
6 Seraphim 60114.

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the basic material for a piece lasting nearly thirty minutes. But in addition to the architectural significance of Liszt's method, there was also in the sonata much of the scatterbrained personality of Liszt the poet, the piano virtuoso, and the romantic lover. It was this side of Liszt which Horowitz, with his magnificent bag of octaves, chords, arpeggios, and above all his wistful rubati, chose to present. The sonata has never been the same since, and neither have other pianists.

More substantial by far is his 1940 recording, with Toscanini and the NBC Symphony, of the Brahms B flat Concerto.[7] Listening to this, together with a private-label recording of an actual 1936 concert performance of the Brahms D minor Concerto with Bruno Walter and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw,[8] one can only conclude that Horowitz, in partnership no less with Walter than with Toscanini, has given to the age of the phonograph its most satisfying and complete realization of these summits of the musical literature.

If the Liszt sonata was the most influential of his early recordings, the 1941 collaboration with Toscanini in the Tchaikowsky B flat minor Concerto[9] was not only one of the best-selling 78 RPM classical albums ever made, but was also to provide for sixteen years the standard performance of this most beloved of piano concerti. Even faster, brighter, and more brittle than the recording (with the same principals) made at a 1943 Carnegie Hall War Bond concert,[10] it reigned supreme in its clangor and icy surge until dethroned by the 1958 Van Cliburn post-Moscow-Competition disc. Horowitz could hardly be blamed for the fact that Cliburn's secure complaisance and Southern languor were more in tune with the age of the "thaw" than Horowitz's struggle and flight; in any case, the elder pianist's Tchaikowsky stands as the high-water mark of forceful, steely piano playing, with its irresistible suggestion of the pianist as king of the universe.

Toward the end of the 40's Horowitz turned to Mendelssohn. His performance of the three small "Songs without Words"[11] remains the definitive statement of these largely ignored cameos; and the present repertory status of Mendelssohn's greatest large-scale piano work, the *Variations sérieuses*,[12] is due to Horowitz's performance of it. Of his expansion of Liszt's transcription of the famous Wedding March from Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, done during this same period,[13] one can only say that this must have been the kind of piano playing the 19th century dreamed of as a complete music in itself. Similarly, his playing of the purely virtuoso Liszt is here as elsewhere without parallel. No one else has managed to take this showily vulgar music, so redolent of the pianist's one-night stands, and cast it in precious metal, thereby rendering a hackneyed *tour de force* such as the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6[14] as an elegant, independent musical creation.

A surprising and important aspect of Horowitz's work in the years immediately following the war was his championing of possibly the two most important pieces written for solo piano in our time —the Prokofiev Sonata No. 7 (1942) and the Samuel Barber Sonata,[15] the only American composition with which he has been associated. The Prokofiev, stemming as it does from that part of the Russian musical tradition which combines forceful contrast and angular melodies, seems to have touched the same chord in Horowitz which was responsible for two brilliant recordings of his augmented version of the Mussorgsky *Pictures at an Exhibition* (1947[16] and 1951[17]). Here, in addition to the controlled force, energy, and elegance which characterize every note he plays, one finds a special opulence and richness, a quality remarkable for heat rather than warmth.

Some of this quality, much to the work's advantage, informs his performance of the Barber sonata, of which he gave the premiere in 1950. This classic of American music was so fully realized by Horowitz that it remains difficult, more than twenty-five years later and after it has been played as a test piece by hundreds of younger American pianists, to imagine it in a conception other than his. Remarkably for a pianist of his fame, he took the trouble to make both the Barber and the Prokofiev his own; the result is so strong that one can only regret that he never sought—or at least never found—other contemporary works to illuminate.

A RECORDING exists of his 1953 recital in Carnegie Hall celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his coming to America.[18] Surprisingly —considering Horowitz's reputation as a purveyor of flash—it contains Schubert's posthumous Sonata in B flat. During the past fifty years in which it has been widely played, this long, "profound" composition has been considered the property of pianists with minds rather than fingers, of those who think nobly rather than play accurately. It must be admitted that Horowitz's Schubert has little in it of the composer's Vienna, of the dull yet glassy sonority of the pianos of Schubert's day, of the endemic dance rhythm so identified with that time and place.

Perhaps indeed Horowitz's performance of the sonata is not profound, for profundity inevitably implies heaviness—and Horowitz's playing, no matter how loud and furious, is never heavy. Whether he in this case played the true Schubert is certainly open to question; what is not is the penetration of his conception, his dedication to the music, and his ability to preserve the long line of the piece against the temptations it presents to maximize the individual beautiful details of which it has so many.

Around this time Horowitz was also occupied with the music of Beethoven. A year before his retirement from the stage in 1953 he re-

7 RCA CRM 4-0914.
8 Bruno Walter Society BWS 728.
9 RCA VIC 1544.
10 RCA CRM 4-0914.
11 RCA LD 7021 (withdrawn).
12 RCA LVT 1043 (withdrawn).
13 RCA LVT 1043 (withdrawn).
14 RCA LM 2584.
15 RCA (Germany) 26.41336 (Prokofiev and Barber).
16 RCA (Germany) 26.41339.
17 RCA LM 2357.
18 RCA LM 6014.

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corded the Emperor Concerto with Fritz Reiner,[19] and in the middle and late 50's he made two discs of sonatas, one containing the Moonlight and the Waldstein,[20] and the other the Appassionata and the less familiar (because unnamed) Opus 10 No. 3 in D major.[21] No more than he tried to play a Viennese Schubert, does he present a German Beethoven full of weight, seriousness, and public humility. He plays Beethoven as virtuoso music, as music written—which indeed it was—by the greatest pianist of his day. And he indulges—perhaps more than is allowable in a time which puts so much stress on puritanism in performance—his fingers and above all his ideas. As a result, in this revered music more than in perhaps any other, Horowitz has been accused of arbitrariness and caprice, of willful injection of his personality into a musical material so important as to make any tampering not only unnecessary but sinful.

During his retirement Horowitz recorded three sonatas by Muzio Clementi,[22] an almost forgotten figure today (save for his piano method, called *Gradus ad Parnassum,* which was popularized in a shortened version by another pianist and writer of exercises, Tausig, and witheringly mocked by Debussy), but in his time a compositional influence on Beethoven, a distinguished pianist, piano maker, and music publisher. It is doubtful that his sonatas will ever become part of the regular repertory, for they seem simultaneously both shocking and stale, always fresh and always old-fashioned. But Horowitz's effort on Clementi's behalf, supported by his elegant playing, is an example of an interest in little-known musical literature all too rare among today's famous instrumentalists.

AT THIS point—the beginning of the 60's—Horowitz left RCA, his recording company from the beginning of his American career, and signed a contract with Columbia; amid enormous ballyhoo, he once again began busily to record. The resulting discs (of both new material and of music he had recorded earlier) showed no falling-off from the past, and only raised the temperature of the speculation surrounding the question of his possible return to the platform. In May 1965 the question was answered; a recital in Carnegie Hall was announced and instantly sold out, as it could have been ten times over. Horowitz walked out on the stage hesitantly—it seemed almost fearfully—and proceeded to demonstrate that as a pianist he had never left the audience's heart. Columbia recorded the concert, and that recording (with some few small slips having been corrected) is still available today.[23] The opening Bach-Busoni C major Toccata and Fugue showed the pianist in full control of his monumental powers; if possible, his performance of this piece seems even stronger twelve years later on the recording than it did at the concert. Whatever one's reservations about the propriety of this kind of transcription, Horowitz justified his playing of it, for he preserved and communicated the counterpoint, the harmony, the inexorable rhythm, and, above all, the ineffable majesty of Bach in the original. The Schumann C major Fantasy which followed was equally great, for the grand scale of this long piece seems ideally suited to Horowitz's own sense of structure.

If the first half of this concert testified to his love for the piano's largest masterpieces, the second half testified as well to the essential continuity of his musical interests. Horowitz was always a Chopinist, and he has continued to place Chopin at the center of his pianistic life. Of his many Chopin discs going back to the beginning of his recording career, all have been powerful technically and personal musically—a rare combination in the playing of Chopin. Sometimes the sheer force of his fingers and his individual musicality have together seemed to complicate unduly the texture of Chopin's often fragile music. Of the smaller works, the strong rhythmic framework of the mazurkas has made them perfect pieces for Horowitz, and both his older[24] as well as his newer[25] recordings of them are unsurpassed. A similar judgment can be made about his performances of three of Chopin's larger pieces, the Barcarolle,[26] the Polonaise in A flat (Opus 53),[27] and the Andante Spianato.[28] In contrast, the G minor Ballade which concludes the recording of his 1965 recital seems a shade disorganized to justify inclusion on the highest level of Horowitz's Chopin performances.

Scriabin—whose Sonata No. 9 Horowitz played just after intermission in his 1965 recital—has, as befits a Russian virtuoso, long been an interest of his. During his last retirement from the concert stage, he devoted a whole record to the works of this composer, including the Sonata No. 3 and 16 preludes;[29] more recently he has made another Scriabin disc[30] as well as one of the music of Rachmaninoff.[31] In these pieces, as in much of the overtly exhibitionistic music he has played throughout his career, the musical content in itself has often seemed unable to bear the weight of Horowitz's great abilities, nor has it always seemed worthy of them.

Quite another story is told by his magnificent record of Scarlatti sonatas, which dates from the 1960's.[32] This is classical playing, respecting the music's formal criteria of discipline and order, while at the same time infusing every phrase with the suggestion of freedom and even sensuality. That, as in the case of his recordings of Haydn and early Beethoven, he is capable of effecting such a reconciliation of classicism and romanticism is a true index of the greatness of Horowitz's art; it is a reconciliation that he has fully achieved at his finest moments—and in fifty years these triumphant moments have been many and prolonged.

UPON what, aside from enigmatic genius, is this extraordinary achievement based? Of course, at its

[19] RCA CRM 4-0914.
[20] RCA LM 2009.
[21] RCA LM 2366.
[22] RCA LM 1902 (withdrawn).
[23] Columbia M2S 728.
[24] RCA LM 1109 (withdrawn).
[25] Columbia M 32932.
[26] RCA (Germany) 26.41047.
[27] RCA (Germany) 26.41049.
[28] RCA (Germany) 26.41046.
[29] RCA LM 2005.
[30] Columbia M 31620.
[31] Columbia M 30464.
[32] Columbia MS 6658.

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foundation lies sheer physical dexterity of an enormous degree. Of all the traditional elements of piano playing—scales, arpeggios, octaves, chords, double notes, and trills—he has well-nigh perfect command. His rhythm is unerring and vital, his memory solid, and his ability to learn and retain numerous compositions great. And on the level of intellect, he is a brilliant musician, sophisticated in areas other than the piano and well able to make scholarly decisions on vexing musicological questions.

But others—not many, to be sure—have possessed these abilities. What separates Horowitz from everyone else is his characteristic, deeply individual piano sonority. It has been called metallic by those who have not liked it; to his admirers it seems the quintessential sound of a piano. In any case, whatever one's opinion of it, it cannot be forgotten. Its secret would seem to consist in Horowitz's way of controlling a Steinway concert grand of a loudness and brilliance that in anyone else's hands would reduce an audience to a shattered wreck.

The advantages of such a piano—highly different as it is from the usual rich, mellow, and quietly brilliant Steinway—lie not only in its carrying power and easy articulation of rapid passages; still more important is the range of dynamic contrast possible and the resulting differentiation of bass, middle, and treble registers. This differentiation enables the melodic line to be highlighted and the piano's extreme dynamic contrasts to be used without blocking the audibility of the pitches being played.

The resulting piano sound is so powerful and attractive in itself that, as it has been Horowitz's greatest glory, it has at the same time been the aspect of his playing which has more than any other limited his musical acceptance. Once having heard his tone—and it has been captured amazingly well on records—one cannot mistake it for that of any other pianist. Long after the particular pieces he has played have passed from one's mind, his piano tone remains, tending to cover the music and render the individual works more similar in sound and character than they really are.

To blame Horowitz for this, to require of him a more neutral, less distinctive sound—such as was cultivated by other great artists like Artur Schnabel, Edwin Fischer, and Wilhelm Backhaus—is not only to ask that he give up an individual virtue; more than that, it is to ignore the entire historical background out of which he comes, with its idea of the solo performer as the divinely unique interpreter of otherwise dead (because unperformed) musical material. What is involved in this idea is nothing less than the ascendancy of the interpreter over the music. In the case of Horowitz, it is this successful attempt at imposing his personality on the pieces he plays which, in the process of bringing him fame, has also earned him the strictures of critics. For in the past fifty and more years the intellectual leaders of our musical times have not countenanced such a role for the performers of great music. Instead they have required that the performer reveal the composer, not himself.

At the moment there are signs that we may well have arrived at the exhaustion of this principle of respectful authenticity; whether this exhaustion signifies the rise of a new performance tradition, a return to an older, more personal tradition, or indeed, the last days of the wide popularity of the music we have loved, is not clear. What is clear is that the music of the great composers of the past has been fully capable of preserving its integrity against what have been seen as either the contributions or the depredations of the most powerful performing personalities. This music is universal in its ability to transcend its origin; even the greatest interpreters, however, speak from and to a particular time and place. A performer such as Vladimir Horowitz is a necessary contemporary representative of the masters whose music he plays, and through his efforts an important pianistic repertory has, for a large and sophisticated public, found its strongest new life and its most relevant expression. As a result, whatever the future of music may bring, his reputation as the finest and most significant pianist of his time is assured.

Fiction

Redemption According to Cheever

John Romano

WHEN, in John Cheever's new novel, *Falconer*,* Ezekiel Farragut's impossibly beautiful wife Marcia returns from three weeks in Rome with her lover, Maria Lippincott Hastings Guiglielmi, she at first wants nothing to do with Ezekiel. Though a fire is burning and flowers "gleam" to welcome her home, she answers his erotic advances by putting her thumbs in her ears, wagging her fingers, and making "a loud farting sound with her tongue." Farragut recalls—recalls years later, when he is in jail for murder—that it took her "about ten days to come around," and then they had intercourse "after a cocktail party and before a dinner." Afterward:

He followed her into the bath-

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room and sat on the shut toilet seat while she washed her back with a brush. "I forgot to tell you," he said. "Liza sent us a wheel of Brie." "That's nice," she said, "but you know what? Brie gives me terribly loose bowels." He hitched up his genitals and crossed his legs. "That's funny," he said. "It constipates me." That was their marriage then—not the highest paving of the stair, the clatter of Italian fountains, the wind in the alien olive trees, but this: a jay-naked male and female discussing their bowels.

The last sentence unmistakably bears the stylistic signature of John Cheever. No other writer would have chosen this ridiculously human moment to remind his readers of a poem by T. S. Eliot out of Dante ("the highest paving of the stair"), or of the romantic circumstances associated with other, more ideal Roman holidays. Needless to say, the implicit contrast is not favorable to the contemporary world. The contrast says: those must have been great love affairs they had in the Renaissance, unless the poets lie—but alas, Connecticut, how low you've sunk. By beating his contemporaries over the head in this way with his vision of a sublime classicism their lives do not possess, Cheever the satirist has earned a reputation for a rather aggressive nostalgia: what one finds in such a bitter and ebullient suburban chronicle as *Bullet Park*. In his softer moods he is, like Eliot indeed, or like Robert Lowell, a poet mourning the fallen world in the late afternoon of New England high culture.

Falconer is the name of the novel of which Ezekiel Farragut is the protagonist and virtually the narrator, and also the name of the maximum-security prison where Farragut is serving up to ten years for beating his brother to death with a fire iron. In such recollections as the above, through which we glimpse the pathos and emptiness of Farragut's terrible/comfortable home life, we seem also to be looking backward through *Falconer* to Cheever's earlier works, to the other pathetic emptinesses, those of *Bullet Park* and the Wapshot novels and stories. The retrospect of those previous landscapes sets off the simplicity and extremity of Farragut's present situation. Guilty, jailed, about to be divorced, he no longer hovers in Cheever's ambiguous moral twilight. But the theme of fallenness has not been left behind. It's just that Farragut can't fall any lower, having hit the bottom, the nadir. So the task that Cheever sets himself in *Falconer*—a difficult task and an important one, because Cheever is an important writer—is to make the nadir and what happens there as significant and compelling as the spectacle of the fall itself. From the point of view of storytelling as a craft, this is a standard problem: the fall is always at least potentially more dramatic than after-the-fall. And it's complicated in *Falconer* because Cheever has a kind of redemption in store for Farragut. From drug addiction, felony, the cruelest of bad marriages, and a life strewn with regrets, Farragut is born again.

Some of the interest of his predicament proceeds from the fact that, even in the Watergate era, it is unusual to find a convict who is familiar, as Farragut is, with modern poetry and the fountains of Europe and wheels of Brie. On his arrival in Falconer, with which the book begins, Farragut is assigned to Cellblock F. "F stands for fucks, freaks, fools, fruits, first-timers, fat-asses like me, phantoms, funnies, fanatics, feebies, fences, and farts," the guard tells him. "There's more, but I forget it. The guy who made it up is dead." The guard is an enormous man named Tiny, and the deadly boring irony of his name may stand as a symbol for the spiritual meagerness of what surrounds Farragut thereafter —Farragut, who hangs a Miro on his wall and reads only Descartes. "Excepting myself there is truly no one here with whom I can speak," he writes his girlfriend, with a strained clarity reminiscent of Descartes himself. On Farragut's loneliness Cheever is especially strong. It is a subject that might fairly break through on every page, but instead it applies a constant pressure of feeling from within. When suddenly it does surface we are aware of what a firm hold this novel takes upon our sympathies—as when Farragut watches a free man, leaving the prison, stop carelessly to pull up his socks, or when he speaks to his cat after a particularly cold visit from Marcia: "You know what, Bandit? My wife, my only wife, came to see me today and I don't know what in hell to think about the visit. I remember mostly watching her walk away from the place. Shit, Bandit, I love her."

UNDER the miserable burden of his memory—a childhood among the dregs of the legacy of an old New England family—Ezekiel Farragut is touching, as he is touching in his aloneness, and during a withdrawal from methadone forced upon him one day when a sadistic superintendent refuses to allow him his fix. But when he is not touching in some such way he is not particularly interesting at all. As a character he has the flaw that one who reads Descartes in prison might be expected to have: he is, almost if not quite, the literary cliché of the criminal-saint, the infernally charming sinner who, like Lucifer himself, used to be the brightest of angels. As such he is a gross romantic delusion.

The odd thing—what might have been the saving thing—is that the delusion is first of all a self-delusion, Farragut's own grandiose image of himself. In the three long letters Farragut writes, complaining of his mistreatment to his governor, his bishop, and his girlfriend, there is an unappealing pomposity and arrogance: "We prisoners, more than other men," Farragut writes the churchman, "have suffered for the sins of society, and our example should cleanse the thoughts of men's hearts because of the grief with which we are acquainted. We are in fact the word made flesh; but what I want to do is to call your attention to a great blasphemy." It isn't clear, though I wish it were, that Cheever has any irony toward the melodramatic self-importance of this; indeed, he seems to have lent it the authority of his own lyrical and rhetorical gifts. Another example: when writing to the governor, Farragut mentions that if class

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differences were honored in this country, he would not even consider addressing the governor, who is below Farragut socially. This is a colorful line, characterizing Farragut very nicely as a prig. But the trouble is Cheever doesn't seem to know that Farragut is a prig. Instead he asks us to participate in, to take pleasure in, the impudence and snobbery of Farragut's remark. The third letter, to the girlfriend, is full of maudlin reminiscence. He recalls "the snowbound farmhouse," "the sailboat race"—what is maudlin here seems to dwell in the little word "the." My impression of how we are to take this is that we are expected to forgive a lonely prisoner his pretty memories. Fair enough, and pretty they are. But the fact is they flounder in prettiness, whereas they could have been searing—there are searing things in the book—were it not that Farragut's mood is so monotonously nostalgic that nothing else can be achieved. In this respect, Cheever has failed to see through or to see around his character, and so the limitations of Farragut become the limitations of the novel.

It is for this reason that Marcia Farragut does not succeed as a portrait. The presentation of her is narrow because Farragut's idea of women is narrow: "He had never really liked any woman who wasn't a dark-eyed blond, who didn't speak at least one language other than English, who didn't have an income of her own, and who couldn't say the Girl Scout Oath." Of course this finickiness is a part of Farragut's affliction, a result of his victimization by history, but it makes him, nonetheless, a poor medium through which to know his wife. As it stands, she is unrealized and inconsistent, married to Farragut for an inexplicably long time, sporadically sadistic and affectionate. The temptation is to say what has been said about John Cheever's work before, that he is unable to "do" women, or that he is unsympathetic to them. But actually the defect of vision is Farragut's, and Cheever simply doesn't overcome it.

He overcomes the liability of Farragut's perspective, or anyway it doesn't interfere, in presenting the other inmates of Falconer, and they are part of the reason that *Falconer* succeeds rather better as a book than Farragut does as a character. There is, for instance, a lifer called "The Cuckold" who lures others to his cell with promises of food and then tells them long stories, mostly about his wife's nymphomania, while they wait hungrily. He tells one story, however, about a young male hustler with whom he fell in love, and who shortly after was killed. It is a poignant story, done with the eerie cleanness and precision of Cheever's best writing. Another inmate, Jody, who is Farragut's lover in the course of things, is an ingratiating conniver. He turns out distinctly cheap and faithless, but Farragut loves him profoundly and their affair resembles Farragut's marriage in one way: Farragut seems to take a perverse pleasure in being stood up by Jody, it whets his eagerness. In fact, Farragut's love for Jody is so much like his previous loves that it cannot possibly signal a stage in Farragut's pending redemption, though that is perhaps what it is meant to do. But Jody is at the center of the book's most remarkable episode—a brilliant and surreal and delightful anecdote—in which Jody escapes, disguised as an acolyte, in the helicopter of a visiting cardinal.

"Turning and turning in the widening gyre, the falcon cannot hear the falconer." Cheever's title might well allude to the famous opening lines of Yeats's poem "The Second Coming," where the escape of the falcon from its master is not celebrated as a stirring emblem of freedom but rather mourned as a sign of a world gone out of control. Farragut, too, escapes, and Cheever plays skillfully with the ambivalence of escape and disintegration. Yeats is, of course, like Eliot and Lowell and Cheever, another singer of the fallen world, but he believes in the coming again of order and innocence. I take the ending of *Falconer* to mean that Cheever also believes in a spiritual renewal. There is, as I have said, a strategy of redemption in the book, though it takes rather puzzling form.

As a result of a flu vaccine tested out on the convicts, a serious illness spreads through the prison. The sick and dying overflow the infirmary and Farragut must take a dying inmate into his cell and nurse him. The ebb-tide musings of the dying man spark the crucial, the climactic, recollection in Farragut of the events leading up to the murder of his brother Eben. We are led back again to those alcoholic and suicidal suburbs. Of Eben's life: "His marriage could be dismissed, if one were that superficial, as an extraordinary sentimental and erotic collision." His wife is so rapt and compulsive a TV addict that Eben must get himself on a favorite quiz show to get her attention. The nastiness and cleverness of such an anecdote recalls the satire of earlier Cheever, but the presiding genius here is not comic. Eben's children suffer unfunny consequences: one is in jail, the other, Rachel, has blown part of her face away in a suicide attempt. Rachel

> had written two high-spirited and passionate letters to her uncle about her determination to die. These had inspired in Farragut a love for the blessed paradigm, the beauty of the establishment, the glory of organized society. Rachel was an aberration and Farragut would sweep her under the rug as her father seemed to have done. Eben's house, the cradle of these tragedies, was distinguished by its traditional composure.

So Farragut sounds, even in this last flashback, his distinctive note of baffled idealism. It turns out that Eben had wished him dead, had even tried to kill him, though Ezekiel's murderous attack was only symbolically in self-defense. But the symbolism matters. It has been steadily clear that Farragut was more a victim than a criminal, but Eben's depravity and cruelty are such as almost to absolve Farragut of his crime, and this absolution goes some way toward freeing Farragut. A spirit of absolution, in the end, reigns over Farragut's subsequent escape, balancing the emphasis on judgment of the book's beginning. Farragut had said that "the most universal image of mankind is not love or death; it is Judgment Day," and that God's "force, His essence, is Judgment."

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And yet *Falconer* is finally a book in which everyone, everything, is forgiven. The last recollections, recounting the murder of Eben, are like a last glance cast back over the world of Cheever's novels, and when that world comes to judgment in the mood of the novel's last pages, it is on a day when Cheever's God is feeling especially generous and uncritical.

THERE are two things to be said about this benign moral outcome. The first is that it is part of a decidedly Christian allegory in the book: the spirit of love replacing the spirit of the law, as the New Testament follows the Old. The allegory is a complex one that can't be puzzled out here, but it is worth observing that in pursuing it Cheever is participating, or seems to be, in a new, explicitly Christian turn in American fiction: James Dickey's *Deliverance*, Walker Percy's *Lancelot*, and John Updike's *A Month of Sundays* come to mind. The second thing to say is that the dispensation of forgiveness at the end of *Falconer* has about it a ringing irony. The slackening of ancient standards which Farragut and Cheever himself set out specifically to lament is present, after all, in the book's own extension of sympathy to all wrongdoers. Evidently those standards have come to mean less to Cheever than the quality of mercy, mercy for the bare, forked animal, the "jay-naked male." There is abundant psychological background given for Farragut's crime and for the others, but what the criminals plead, really, is not psychic compulsion but simply sadness. Given such sadness, Cheever seems to say, who can judge these men?

This is inadequate as criminology and, more broadly, as a moral statement. As a work of art, it must be said for *Falconer* that it is always gratifying to see a novel in which the creative imagination and the capacity for sympathy are so powerfully related. But the right balance has not been struck. Imagination has ceded too much; its vitality has been sacrificed, its hard edges have been blurred. The result is a novel most moving, but one that is artistically soft.

Fellini's Fall

William S. Pechter

BY NOW, given the mass defections from the already thinned ranks of the Fellini camp that have been caused by *Fellini's Casanova*, the "sociology" of Fellini's reputation has almost replaced the film itself as a subject of interest. There have been mixed reactions to Fellini films before, but *Fellini's Casanova* is, it seems, liked by nobody, and, with its release, the popular image of Fellini as genius-impresario has begun to be subjected to a widespread revaluation. Even admirers of such late Fellini works as *Amarcord* seem caught with their defenses down, while a veteran defector from the ranks of Fellini's admirers like Pauline Kael can dismiss *Fellini's Casanova* in a paragraph as something she walked out on.

I came to *Fellini's Casanova* myself as someone who's been in and out of the Fellini camp from the beginning, having liked *The White Sheik* but not *La Strada*, *I Vitelloni* but not *La Dolce Vita*; and, as someone who liked *8½* but little else of Fellini's since, I looked on the looming approach of almost three hours of Fellini's new film as something of a punishing prospect. If this sounds like preparation for saying I liked *Fellini's Casanova*, it's decidedly not; still, I don't feel I can curtly dismiss it either. For if the film is, at least in part, another of Fellini's grandiose denunciations of mankind's follies and our civilization's decadence, it has, for me, something lacking in *La Dolce Vita*, *Fellini Satyricon*, and *Fellini Roma*. Pauline Kael has justly criticized the disingenuousness of those earlier films, with their director at once staging spectacular orgies for our supposed moral condemnation while obviously relishing his De Mille-like role of carnal-circus master. But the Fellini of his *Casanova* seems to me to have got beyond this, and to have, in a sense, grown into the attitudes struck by those earlier movies: to have gone beyond moralizing into a visceral revulsion at the pleasures of the flesh. The hedonistic enslavement to appetite one sees depicted in *Fellini's Casanova* may be nothing new in Fellini's films, but the feeling behind it has acquired a conviction, and, with it, an authority, that, for me, it's never had before.

Indeed, it's probably the film's total absence of bawdiness that has accounted for much of its critical rejection. *Fellini's Casanova* is filled with scenes of fornication from beginning to end, but it would be hard to imagine a more joyless and anti-erotic representation of the subject, or one further from being the Felliniesque turn-on many were apparently expecting. The film's depiction of lovemaking has been stylized into a series of clockwork movements, with all the participants remaining clothed, and clothed in undergarments of such a complexity of straps and wires as to make the people seem as much mechanical contraptions as the toy bird Casanova carries to his amatory rendezvous, and whose comically flapping wings serve as accompaniment to the grim calisthenics of the great lover and his sexual partners.

YET for its lack of eroticism, *Fellini's Casanova* offers several compensations, among them that much of this new film, with its muted, brown-toned look, is visually arresting and some of it (like the spectacular opening sequence) even beautiful, in striking contrast to the gaudiness of most of Fellini's

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other recent work. And even more important is the fact that, following the opening sequence (a nocturnal pageant in which throngs of masked Venetians hail Venus as their queen), approximately the first third of the film is funny (albeit in a similarly muted tone), and at times very much so; the sign —"Remember that this is a comic film"—which Fellini affixed to his camera while shooting *8½* might apply equally here.

Much of this effect probably owes to Donald Sutherland's performance of the principal role: Casanova as a desiccated fop, strutting like a cock, and forever seen posing in profile, a faint, simpering smile on lips from which a torrent of grandiloquence is ready to flow at a moment's notice. As Andrew Sarris has noted, this is Fellini's first film since *8½* with a real actor in the lead; is it mere coincidence that it should also be the best, most distanced, Fellini work since that earlier film? And though several people have remarked on the associational links provided by Sutherland's having earlier played a Fellini-worshiping director (in Paul Mazursky's *Alex in Wonderland*), the previous Sutherland performance of which his Casanova most reminded me was his "witticism"-spouting dandy in *Start the Revolution Without Me*. Indeed, spurred by a reminder of that film, one may find oneself half hoping that Gene Wilder, Sutherland's co-star in it, would show up to lend a hand in this one.

The middle part of *Fellini's Casanova* could, at any rate, have used Wilder, for beginning with the increased coarseness of the sequence in which Casanova attempts to impregnate an elderly worshiper of the occult and continuing throughout the lengthy section recounting the one "great love" of his life, the film drags badly, and even turns somewhat murky in its appearance. Following these *longueurs*, things pick up with a scene in which Casanova (after windy orations on the "considerable moral preparation," knowledge of the body's fluids, and other requisites of his skills) proves his superior capabilities (on a reluctant partner) in a public competition, and another in which, having been stood up by a woman for whom he vows he'll wait all his life, he's immediately distracted by a hunchbacked girl with a prehensile tongue in a scene which comically captures the ebb-and-flow rhythm of human capacities as they're tested by a marathon copulation.

But generally, in the film's later sections, the emphasis is rather less on the earlier dry comedy than on a mocking pathos, as Casanova, claiming a wealth of talents, seeks a position at various courts, and then gradually sinks deeper into decline and, finally, a dotage made up of delusions of past accomplishments and reveries of old amours. At one point, there's a distinctively Felliniesque episode in which Casanova encounters his crippled mother in an empty theater, and there's a welling up of tenderness, guilt, reproach, and that complex of emotions which has always accompanied the appearances of mothers of grown sons in Fellini's films. When we last see Casanova, he's been retained as librarian in some court, where he boasts of the place he's earned in posterity for having written some forgotten novel, and endures the abuse of the other servants, who paste his picture on the latrine wall and deprive him of his macaroni. At the very end, an old man with watering, red-rimmed eyes, he muses, "Last night I had a dream," and we see his dream of being young again, and returning to the beloved Venice from which he's been exiled most of his life, to be reunited there with one of his myriad lovers. It is Isabella, a life-sized automaton, whom we've earlier seen Casanova woo, showering unheard endearments on her no less ardently than on any of his human partners. In his dream, he takes her in his arms and they dance, until both of them stand fixed and revolving, as if on a moving pedestal, he, as much as she, seen as a mere mechanical thing.

In its chilly way, this last scene is strangely affecting, but the problem with it, as with the film as a whole, is that there's nothing in it that one doesn't see at the outset, with the very first depiction of Casanova practicing the art of love, from his mechanical exertions in the sexual act itself—groaning, his expressionless eyes bulging and spittle forming in the corners of his grimacing mouth, as his head is seen from below popping comically in and out of frame with the rigid rhythm of someone doing push-ups—to his futile and pathetic attempts to use his amatory prowess for self-advancement afterward. Structurally, the film simply inventories the procession of Casanova's conquests (plus a few near misses) as their line lengthens to encompass the range and variety of womankind, from nun to alchemist, virgin to bawd, hunchback to giantess, love of his life to automaton; the focus on the bed is, in fact, so exclusive that Casanova's prison escape, though referred to as a masterpiece of cunning, courage, intuition, and the like, is allowed, indifferently, to take place off screen.

Indeed, in the exclusivity of its focus, what this least erotic of works most resembles is one of those pornographic films in which only the shapes and faces change while the same act is repeated over and over. The great fear of the fictional director in *8½* was of having nothing to say; the director of *Fellini's Casanova* (unlike the director of Fellini's other recent films) has something to say, but one thing only, which having said he can only repeat with superficial variations, hoping to hold his audience, in the consequent absence of intellectual content, by stunning its senses. But, perhaps inescapably, the effect of this, stretched over nearly three hours, is grindingly static.

This is a serious failing, to be sure, but to acknowledge it isn't quite the same as saying, as does Pauline Kael in her dismissal of the work, that *Fellini's Casanova* represents the inevitable failure of an artist's attempt to make an epic of his alienation, as though the film's failure were one of scale, and the expression of alienation properly reserved for more modest works. There is something egomaniacally outsized about *Fellini's Casanova*, with its assumption that its director's disgust at men's loveless pursuit of sexual pleasure is the

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sufficient stuff of which a three-hour spectacle can be made. And yet, if Fellini's new work has even former admirers recoiling from the nakedness with which he's made a spectacle of himself, it seems to me a little late in the day to object to Fellini's work for his having made himself into spectacle. Indeed, it's in the self-dramatizing nature of Fellini's art for him to have done just that: for the ostensible world and its inhabitants that we see depicted on the screen to merge with and become ultimately indistinguishable from the film-maker's states of consciousness. Some artists (Hitchcock comes to mind) project themselves onto an external world, investing its objects with their feelings and anxieties, without divesting it of its hard-edged objectivity. Fellini devours the world outside, dissolving the boundaries between object and ego, seeing all, solipsistically, as only the chimerical manifestation of the world within. There is no longer an independently existing Rome or *The Satyricon* but only *Fellini Satyricon* and *Fellini Roma*, and it can hardly be complained that Fellini has scrapped the Casanova of the autobiography when it's so plainly *Fellini's Casanova* that we're given to see.

YET, more and more, these displays of self-expression go against the grain of contemporary taste, and the once settled reputation of Fellini as a great artist has increasingly been called into question. Nor can one expect that the reviewers' hostility toward *Fellini's Casanova* will prove merely to be a case of a film being badly received in the popular press but later finding its champions in the pages of the little magazines, as was the case with Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon*, a film the new Fellini resembles in the spreading thin of its cold distaste for its subject across a vast historical canvas. But *Barry Lyndon*, for all its self-consciously antiquarian devices, somehow conveyed the air of a modern, even avant-garde, work, while *Fellini's Casanova*, with its theatrical stylization and highly wrought surface strikes us as hopelessly old-fashioned. Fashion has passed Fellini by; in the early 60's, when English professors were busy in the literary quarterlies discovering that film could be an art, Fellini, like Bergman, seemed just what the doctor ordered. But Fellini has proved to lack Bergman's gifts for adaptation to contemporary trends, and *Persona* and *Juliet of the Spirits*, made in the same year, seem to belong not only to different sensibilities but to different centuries. In the age of Brechtianism and semiology, self-expression itself has become a discredited, and discarded, value. It's the distanced irony of a *Barry Lyndon* which is congenial to the modern temper, while there's something in the way Fellini's films nakedly flaunt their maker's feelings that's almost embarrassing.

Still, what *Fellini's Casanova* and *Barry Lyndon* share, beyond their both being epics of their maker's alienation, is the sense of being works that are terminal, dead-ended: works that pursue a drastically limited but authentic vision to its last reaches. And while I don't really *like* either film—how can one *like* works so coolly aloof from the human condition?—I have a certain grudging admiration for both of them, and rather more for the Fellini. Perhaps it's because there *is* an authenticity now to what had previously been posing that I find certain dream elements in *Fellini's Casanova*—a giant stone head dredged up from the canals of Venice, some expressive landscapes, Casanova's last glimpse of his mother, a brief, comic audience with the Pope, the closing dance with the automaton—resonant, and even haunting, in a way that nothing in Fellini's work has been, for me, in over a decade. And though it's a long way from what I once described as the "oceanic compassion" which suffuses (and sometimes softens) Fellini's early work to the new film's remote withdrawal from the follies flesh is heir to, some spark of the earlier work's pathos still burns. Kubrick keeps his cool in a way Fellini is incapable of doing, but he has dissociated himself entirely from his characters, and, when he wants to move us (as in the deathbed scene of Barry's son), he can only jerk tears. Fellini may openly loathe his Casanova, and liken him to a doll at the close, but there's something irreducibly, however distantly, affecting in the figure of that broken old man of the penultimate scenes, as we see him railing at the injustice of a world that denies him his macaroni.

He's ridiculous, to be sure, as only a human being, in all his vanity, can be. But he *is* a human being. And, even in his extreme and grotesque state, we can recognize in him not only something of Fellini, but someone akin even to others as wholly free of vanity, pettiness, and the exploitation of one's fellow creatures as we ourselves.

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Bismarck's Jew

GOLD AND IRON: BISMARCK, BLEICHRÖDER, AND THE BUILDING OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE. By *Fritz Stern. Knopf. 620 pp. $17.95.*

Reviewed by EDWARD N. LUTTWAK

GERSON BLEICHRÖDER, Jew, German patriot, and leading banker of his day and country, was Bismarck's expert for all money matters, personal, political, or national during almost thirty years; he was also Bismarck's confidential diplomatic agent. But Bismarck was never Bleichröder's friend. Fritz Stern remarks that in the three lengthy volumes of Bismarck's memoirs, Bleichröder's name appears only once, and then in passing with no acknowledgment of any close relationship. In the Junker ethos, which was becoming steadily more "feudal" even as Germany was becoming more modern, money-making was not respectable and Jews were not respectable either; indeed, their status in society was in decline, precipitously so in the 1880's.

But Bismarck needed sound advice to make money for himself, and to protect his new wealth from the tax collector; and he also needed financial expertise as an adjunct to his own abundant political skills in the realms of both domestic and foreign policy. Bleichröder supplied both. In exchange, Bismarck would allow him to trade (very discreetly) on his grand connection and Bismarck was even willing on occasion to please Bleichröder in his state diplomacy; for example, he put pressure on the Rumanians to concede civil rights to their own Jews—but only to the extent that he happened to need a disinterested excuse for diplomatic coercion meant to achieve quite other goals.

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But Bismarck did not even try to resist the rising tide of social and political anti-Semitism by committing his own immense prestige against it. And he did not lift a finger to protect Bleichröder from bitter personal attack. He did, however, induce Kaiser Wilhelm to grant a patent of nobility to Bleichröder, who thus became the first unconverted Jew with a "von" to his name.

Bleichröder was not ungrateful, as we may read in one of the thousand-odd letters which form the documentary basis of Fritz Stern's book:

> I hasten to approach Your Highness with the warmly rising sentiments of my gratitude, for after all it was Your Highness who recommended me and my family [Prussian ennoblement was *ipso facto* hereditary] for this distinction. In all candor I may confess to Your Highness that I am greatly pleased with this distinction for myself and my family, and yet I put the greatest weight on the continuation of Your Highness's benevolence, for which in most sincere humility I beg you. It will be my life's task to serve Your Highness at all times in loyalty and devotion. . . .

This was not just the voice of an undignified social climber; the extreme formulations were characteristic of the time and place. Bismarck's own letter of thanks to Wilhelm for his princely title (quoted on the same page) begins, "To satisfy Your Majesty is an indispensable need of my heart. . . ."

The Germany in which both Bismarck and Bleichröder rose to the heights of their respective professions was advancing rapidly in military power, in wealth, and in all the outward societal attainments, notably in the sciences and the humanities. At the same time, there was a very great regression in the nation's political life toward a willful obscurantism, of which anti-Semitism was only a part. Truly a reactionary phenonemon, like the witch-craze of the 17th century, the regression of German political life toward a synthetic medievalism was not taking place in spite of the country's general progress but because of it. The growth of large-scale industry, of rapid communication, of modern commerce, and of education was going too far and too fast for many Germans, and they struck back. Junker, shopkeeper, and uprooted peasant could not destroy railroads, factories, or universities—indeed they were proud of them. But they could strike their blow in the higher realm of the political, and of course against the Jews. As the richest and most visible Jew of them all, Bleichröder was the ideal target, and from his ennoblement in 1872 until his death in 1893 he was to suffer the consequences in every facet of life, public and private.

Fritz Stern writes: "The very term 'anti-Semitism' was first invented in Germany in the 1870's and came to connote a principled unshakable hostility to Jews and the intent to translate this hostility into political action." It was no longer a question of religious hostility, which conversion could assuage; it was no longer a social detestation that close contact could undermine; it was no longer a matter of economic competition that a rearrangement of affairs could alter into the recognition of mutual interest. Opposition to the Jews was becoming wholly independent of their own human individuality or that of their persecutors. In other words, it was becoming racial, and therefore absolute; it would in the end be satisfied by nothing except the physical removal of the Jews from German life.

Stern is thus describing the phenomenon of Hitlerian anti-Semitism as it first appeared in embryo. But this long book is not an analysis of early anti-Semitism, or a biography of Bleichröder, or a story of his banking house, or a side-view of Bismarck's career, or an account of 19th-century finance, or a history of Germany in the period. It is all of these things.

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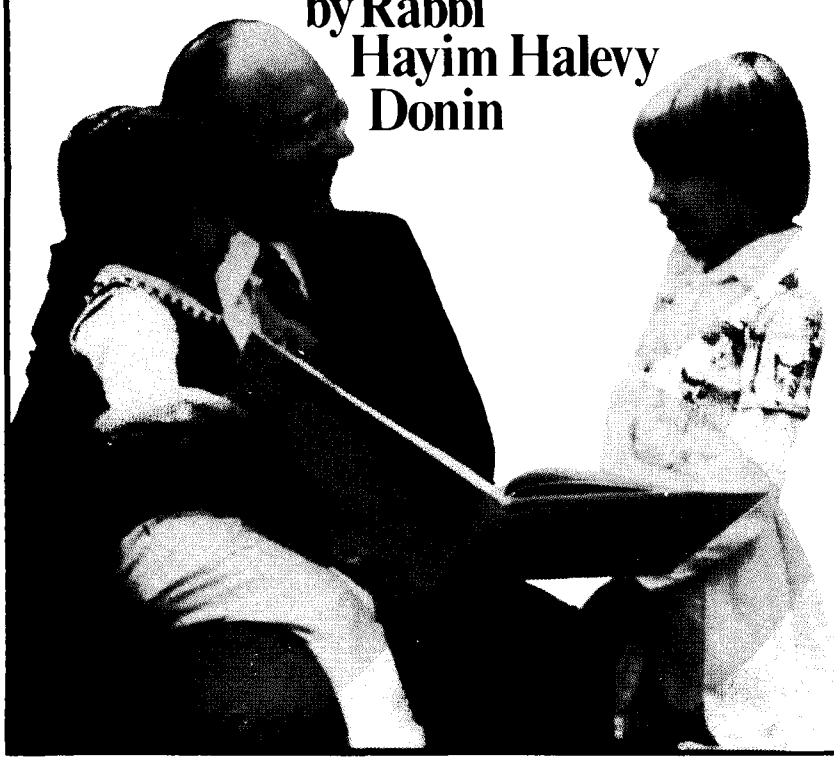

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Adding the vast and almost entirely unexploited data of the Bleichröder correspondence to the established sources, Stern has used all the material and a scholar's circumstantial erudition to give us an intimate account of Bleichröder, Bismarck, and their world. The book is not strictly ordered chronologically in the obvious scheme natural to biography. Instead, a loose time-sequence alternates with a subject-by-subject categorization. Stern writes very well, in a lively style that alternates short sharp phrases of warning and suggestion with longer and smoother phrases of description. He has a most interesting subject and makes the most of it—except for telling us far too little of the actual banking done by the banker (David S. Landes having made that his own subject in a venture originally cooperative). Historians of the country and period will need the book. The rest of us may simply enjoy it, for neither the sustained analysis nor the accumulation of precise facts interferes with a powerful narrative.

The Collective Dream

UTOPIA AND REVOLUTION. By MELVIN J. LASKY. *University of Chicago Press. 726 pp. $35.00.*

Reviewed by PAUL HOLLANDER

INTELLECTUALS are perhaps more susceptible than other classes in society to the rhetoric of revolutionary change, especially when what is promised is nothing less than a radical transformation of all existing human relations and social institutions. The seeking after political utopia, indeed, has been for some centuries a major activity of Western intellectuals, whose hopes have been pinned now on this, now on that revolutionary movement or personality. These hopes, needless to say, have been repeatedly dashed—revolution turns

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to orthodoxy of another and sometimes more brutal kind, idealists are transformed into dogmatic functionaries or unprincipled opportunists; theory and practice part company. Yet the hopes themselves persist, and soon enough attach themselves to a new cause. Utopianism has become the surrogate faith of Western intellectuals, a faith that is not falsifiable by actual experience.

It is not too much to say, indeed, that the concept of utopia represents a kind of bridge between the religious and the secular spheres in this regard. Both the statements and actions of contemporary revolutionaries have shown that when traditional avenues to salvation become closed, or abandoned, the arena of politics acquires the kind of emotional and ideological intensity that in the past was the preserve of religion. The relationship between religious and revolutionary impulses and the social groups which articulate them has been much discussed in our time, and it forms one of the major subjects of Melvin Lasky's ambitious new book.

Utopia and Revolution is a study of the precursors, varieties, and political consequences of utopian thinking in the Western world since the Middle Ages. Within this very broad framework two topics are pursued in particular: the relationship between the utopian aspiration and the impulse to revolution, and the evolution of political vocabularies and metaphors associated with utopian thought and action. The bulk of the discussion, perhaps as much as two-thirds of the entire book, deals with 17th-century English authors of various degrees of renown—such as John Milton, Samuel Hartlib, Gerard Winstanley, Marchamont Needham, and others. The two historical settings and periods which are given the closest attention are Puritan England and revolutionary France. Yet this is not a monograph limited to one group of authors or one time and place. Lasky (who is the editor of *Encounter*) is in quest of trends and patterns, and throughout the book he moves back and forth among the giants of Western social thought and letters, from Renaissance figures like Giordano Bruno and Campanella, to thinkers of the French Enlightenment (Condorcet, Voltaire, and Rousseau), through all the major modern varieties of Marxists on the one hand and existentialists on the other, and literary and philosophical figures from Dante to Dryden, Shelley, Hobbes, Locke, Nietzsche, Kant, and others too numerous to mention.

Utopia and Revolution is not primarily a political treatise but a work of intellectual history, and one, moreover, that reflects the literary and historical bent of its author. Thus, Lasky relishes recurring patterns of thoughts, images, and metaphors in utopian ideas. Language and vocabulary are among his prime concerns—"for the world's intellectual classes, in the beginning were always the words"—and Lasky is at his best when he discourses on the "metaphorical imperatives" associated with the utopian-revolutionary impulse, the "controlling imagery" of iron, fire, and blood, and the subtle connections among language, thought, and action. In Lasky's view, certain types of revolutionary movements cannot get off the ground without an appropriate vocabulary; he describes at length the changing meanings and usages of such key words as reform and revolution, and speculates on the way in which the enduring metaphor of revolution has achieved its "tentacular hold over the imagination of modern man."

Yet despite its impressive sweep, scope, and dazzling erudition—or possibly because of an excess of those qualities—the organizational deficiencies of this volume cast a shadow over its rich substance. Approximately one-quarter, and perhaps a good deal more, of the book consists of quotations and citations. It might have been easier to accommodate this profusion within a more coherent structure. As it is, Lasky's intellectual cornucopia at times resembles an overrich feast; the fare is mouth-watering but one hesitates to indulge.

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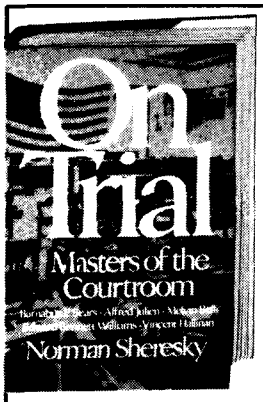

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If the 50's were, or were supposed to be, years when ideological thinking came to an end, the 60's saw a renewed eruption of political passion in the West. This was a period of revolutionary fantasizing and utopia-seeking, complemented—not surprisingly—by an impassioned rejection of the societies to which the seekers belonged. In the 70's ideological fervor has receded once again, though the estrangement of the intellectual classes is still very much an issue.

What exactly does Lasky contribute to a better understanding of these matters? Above all, the hopeful insistence that not all utopian thought and action are or need be dogmatic. Indeed, Lasky seems intent on rescuing utopian thinking from the historical disrepute which it would seem richly to deserve. Despite the fact that revolutionary utopianism has again and again turned into coercive orthodoxy and organized violence, he insists on the possibility of a middle ground where utopian impulses, though sacrificing nothing of their passionate idealism, can nevertheless be placed in the service of humane reformist ends. Lasky sees the defense of that middle ground as the proper role of the Western intellectual:

> Is it so difficult for a Western intellectual to recognize both the virtues and vices of the European-American pattern of society in which he lives, to think through its problems . . . and thus reach positions from which he can both defend and criticize, preserve and create anew? . . . He can defend prosperity and criticize its materialism; he can stand up for liberty and still desperately want its extension to the oppressed and enslaved.

At a time when there would seem to be few realistic alternatives to the familiar perversion of revolutionary utopias on the one hand, and the unimaginative designs of blandly pragmatic technocrats on the other, it is encouraging to hear a voice which suggests that the great collective dreams of mankind need not inexorably turn into nightmares, and that the blueprints of reformers are not invariably bereft of spirit and imagination.

Satire and Beyond

MAUVE GLOVES & MADMEN, CLUTTER & VINE. By TOM WOLFE. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 243 pp. $8.95.*

Reviewed by DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

IN CONTEMPLATING existence thirty or forty years hence, one is struck dumb by the prospect of having to explain to a new generation, insane in its own right, what the 60's and 70's were like. An impossible enterprise in the best of circumstances, but luckily there will be the works of Tom Wolfe, a man who has done more than any other to encompass the spirit of the age.

If Tom Wolfe had written nothing else in his career but "Radical Chic," it would nevertheless have to be said of him that he achieved what almost no imaginative writer can realistically hope for in a lifetime; he had effected "social change." Overnight, as it seemed, the publication of Wolfe's observations on the cocktail party given by the Leonard Bernsteins for the Black Panthers put an end to the phenomenon to which he had given a name—radical chic. But no less remarkable than this accomplishment is the fact that nothing in the style or content of "Radical Chic," read these many years after, seems dated. If anything, it has improved with time, a proof perhaps that the range of emotion that can profitably be recollected in tranquility is wider than even Wordsworth dreamed.

Wolfe's new collection, *Mauve Gloves & Madmen, Clutter & Vine,* is likely to come as something of a surprise to a public accustomed to the cold-eyed satirist of *Radical Chic & Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers,* and the like. There are, to be sure, "typical" Wolfe sketches in this book, merciless in their intentions and unyielding in their contempt for the fashionable—for, above all, the hypocrisies of the intellectual Left. But interspersed

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ, *a regular contributor to* COMMENTARY, *is the author of* New Lives: Survivors of the Holocaust Living in America.

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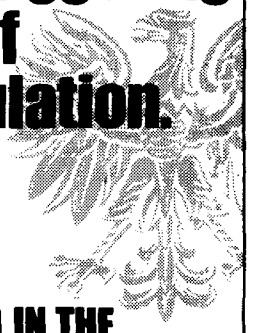

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among these are portraits with reverberations of another sort: satire with a soft underbelly, satire subordinated to the almost palpable affections of a writer whose subject has got under his skin.

Such a portrait, for example, emerges in "The Truest Sport: Jousting With Sam and Charlie," about an F-4 Navy pilot stationed on a carrier in the Coral Sea during the Vietnam war. Wolfe's hero, whose name is Dowd, is a man constrained by the peculiar code of combat set down by the Pentagon to go out on missions governed by rules which can only work to the advantage of the enemy; but he is not one to comment on such inequities. He is a "fly boy," competent, unassuming, expert, absorbed by duty. An ordinary and yet not an ordinary human being, Dowd is a creation of pure regard, the opposite of all one has come to recognize as Wolfe's targets.

ASIDE from its considerable merits as a sketch, "The Truest Sport" is enlightening about the man who wrote it. To a degree unparalleled by any major writer in America today, and to a degree surprising in one whose subjects are drenched in modernity, Wolfe is an old-fashioned man. The Dowd portrait virtually throbs with an admiration for excellence, for the chivalric, for modesty, for courage in the face of danger. More so than any other American writer one can think of, certainly any American journalist one can think of, Wolfe's is an affirmative view of ordinary people.

Still, no dispensations are given by Wolfe to those ordinary people who fall into the camp of the trendy-educated, the talky college types swimming in culture who are the subjects of Wolfe's most mordant satire. Witness what happens to the secretary in "The Me Decade and The Third Great Awakening," who goes to an EST training session seeking a solution to her life's great problem (hemorrhoids). Here is Wolfe at his savage best; but if in the sketch of Dowd there surfaces a new and unexpected note of respect and admiration, in the story of the beautiful hemorrhoid-sufferer doggedly pursuing the moral imperative of self-exploration, there surfaces a nearly scatalogical loathing that takes one quite as far from the comic and that is, in fact, discomfiting to read.

"The Intelligent Coed's Guide to America" is another example of vintage Wolfe (though with a difference). The essay is a hilarious and envenomed assault on the intellectuals for whom it is always two-minutes-to-midnight for American democracy, intellectuals like the New York writer who figures in the collection's title piece—a beneficiary of fat grants and royalties, a partaker in the good life from Truro to the Hamptons, captured by Wolfe as he is manfully sitting down to work on his new book, *Recession and Repression: Police State America and the Spirit of '76.* In "The Intelligent Coed's Guide to America" Wolfe's portrait of this class and of the culture it represents becomes tinged with an outrage that goes beyond the possibilities of satire. The essay, begun and maintained with poisonous skill, veers off in the end to an evocation of the Soviet Union's system of enslavement, the system to which Alexander Solzhenitsyn gave the name the Gulag Archipelago—and to a description of the appalling treatment accorded Solzhenitsyn by some of America's leading intellectuals.

This final and deadly serious thrust of rage is, like so much else in Wolfe's new volume, a surprise but not altogether an unwelcome one. It is risky for a satirist to put indirection aside—it has not for nothing been Wolfe's main weapon—and one can feel at once, in the downward plummet this essay takes toward the end, just how great a risk it is. Still, like the enemies they choose, the risks writers take tell us much about them, and about the values they hold closest. In Wolfe's case, the essays in this new collection confirm his remarkable literary gifts, and, in announcing forthrightly where he stands on the intellectual and moral issues of the age, raise him into the ranks of those few writers whose ideas and whose opinions represent an important contribution to the overall health of the culture.

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The Role of the Court

THE FIRST AMENDMENT AND THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By WALTER BERNS. *Basic Books. 266 pp. $12.50.*

Reviewed by WILLIAM J. BENNETT

THE recent First Amendment decisions of the Supreme Court have met with criticism both from those who think the Court has gone too far and from those who think it has not gone far enough. Walter Berns, who on the whole belongs to the former group, says that many of the Court's recent decisions have incorporated a prejudice that may have very serious consequences. "The Court," he charges, "in the name of civil liberty, is steadily eroding the conditions of civil liberty to the point where it is appropriate to wonder about the future of liberal democracy in the United States." Berns believes (like others before him), that the Court is a teacher in a vital national seminar, and that in its decisions on the free exercise and establishment of religion, on free speech and expression, on obscenity and pornography, it has taught badly and undermined essential values:

> Whether the protection of the many from the few will conduce to a decent self-governing country of the sort the Founders hoped for depends . . . on the character of the people constituting the many; and that character depends on the condition of religion, the family, the schools, and on the strength of the people's attachment to republican principles. The Court in its First Amendment decisions has proceeded in blissful ignorance of this, promoting pornography, . . . casting aside . . . the conventions of decency . . .; refusing to permit financial support to religious education and subtly undermining the venerable character of the Constitution itself.

With regard to religion, Berns argues that the original intent of the First Amendment, as revealed in the debates of the first Congress,

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was to protect the right to be religious; although the Founders forbade laws respecting an establishment of religion, they were careful not to forbid support to religion on a non-discriminatory basis. Extreme separationists like Madison and Jefferson aside, the first Congress and George Washington were in favor of the official encouragement of religion because religion, in a phrase of Washington's cited several times by Berns, provides the "indispensable" support of those "dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity." In recent decisions, however, the Court has forgotten this; it has relied too much on Madison and Jefferson and has weakened organized religion by striking down non-discriminatory aid. At the same time, it has elevated "vestigial religious enthusiasm" (evidenced in conscientious-objector cases like *Seeger* and *Welsh*) to a status that neither was intended nor is deserved.

The First Amendment, according to Berns, does not require government to be "neutral" (a term used by Justice Brennan) "between religion and irreligion"; but in its attempt to be officially neutral, the Court has actually emboldened irreligion. Berns asks his readers whether it is a good or bad thing for children to attend schools where they are taught the Ten Commandments, and suggests that it is "better that teachers be seen leading prayers than agitating for some of the popular causes of our day" (these are the only two options he considers).

Turning to free speech, Berns argues, on the historical record, for a distinction between religious speech and political speech. Although the Founders accorded absolute freedom to religious speech, they limited the scope of political speech and therefore left intact the grounds for governmental intervention against a variety of forms of speech that do not contribute to "a more perfect polity." The Founders were comfortable with the distinction between liberty on the one hand and license or "licentiousness" on the other. Contradicting conventional wisdom, Berns says we misread the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions, written in reaction to the Alien and Sedition Acts, if we take them as "libertarians" do—as challenges to the general power of government to punish seditious libel and other forms of "harmful" speech. Berns contends that the Resolutions were challenges only to the power of the national government to punish seditious libel; the authors of the Resolutions were content to leave this power to the states. Justice Marshall saw this, so even did Madison and Jefferson, and in the light of it the Court should reconsider its own libertarian tendencies.

In general, Berns maintains, the Supreme Court has helped to distort what should be the proper view of restraints on speech, and it has thereby nurtured a destructive permissiveness. Berns casts Justice Holmes as the (unlikely) hero of the "libertarians." He takes specific issues with Holmes's seminal view of free speech, expressed in the *Abrams* dissent, that "the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas [and] that the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market. . . ." Berns says this doctrine encourages *everything* to be spoken. Since the truth that wins in a free and equal competition may not be consistent with republican principles, however, such latitudinarianism is fraught with risk. Berns thus characterizes Holmes and his followers as supporters of the doctrine that justice amounts to the rule of the stronger, and as unwitting supporters of the tyranny of the (winning) majority. As for Berns himself, he does not believe that all political speech should be protected; he questions especially whether freedom of speech should be granted to those who would deny freedom of speech to others.

On obscenity, Berns consults the historical record again, and again finds the Founders agreeing with him. The Founders took it for granted that obscenity and indecorous speech would not be constitutionally protected; they even adopted rules for the punishment of inappropriate speech at the Constitutional Convention. Law should teach civility by making certain kinds of incivility public

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offenses. Berns admits that there will be cases when the power to judge "indecorous" speech by its substance will be abused—as Madison would have said, "precedents established are so much positive power"—but the answer to this is responsible and plentiful Supreme Court review. For Berns, the public use of obscenity and the publishing of profanities, forms of speech "legitimated" by recent Supreme Court decisions, allow indecorous, unwholesome, and unhealthy speech to go unpunished. When the Court fails to teach, for example, that "to speak politically is to speak politely," it legitimates and thereby encourages indecorous speech. This contributes to the vulgarization of American life and to the demise of republican principles and virtue.

BERNS's argument, an argument for what is surely a necessary decency in public life, is strong and should be taken seriously, but it is inflexible, one-sided, and overstated. It is true that the Court at times has strained and overcompensated to protect alleged First Amendment rights; even when (as the late Alexander M. Bickel put it) the Court has erred on the side of right, it has erred. It can also be said that at times the Court has done violence to some historical understandings and some original intentions of the Founding Fathers. But this is not always so clearly the case as Berns proposes, and when he urges original understandings that push aside those of Jefferson and Madison, his own argument becomes strained.

Concerning religion, first of all, Madison's position in the *Memorial and Remonstrance,* though extreme, has greater weight than Berns allows it. Madison believed, with Washington, in the support religion gives to republican virtue, but he did not believe religion required any particular indulgence from the state in this effort. In fact, Madison regarded it as an "unhallowed perversion of the means of salvation" for the civil magistrate to "employ Religion as an engine of Civil policy." Religion, for Madison, survives when "left to its own evidence and the ordinary care of Providence"; he worried that civil indulgence and support for religious belief foster "a suspicion that its friends are too conscious of its fallacies, to trust it to its own merits." Interestingly, taking Madison's position would, for one thing, relieve the Court of the sort of burden presented by the conscientious-objector cases. More importantly, most evidence about the current state of religion suggests that, "unaided" by the Court as it has allegedly been, it is far from heading toward oblivion.

With regard to free speech, the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions may well have been framed in opposition to the power of the national government to punish seditious libel, but this may be evidence of a wise political *strategy* on the part of Madison and Jefferson rather than a revelation of the challenge they intended to make against a power of the state. There is substantial evidence in support of such a "libertarian" intent behind Madison's and Jefferson's response to the Alien and Sedition Acts.

As for indecorous speech, the Founders did indeed adopt rules for the chastisement of those who engaged in such speech at the Constitutional Convention, but they certainly did not strap the debates that took place in the newspapers following the convention. Impolite and unwholesome speech is not a monopoly of the 20th century: the papers, gazettes, and pamphlets published during the period of debate over the new Constitution offer many examples of imaginative indecorousness and lively vulgarity. Furthermore, not all the Founders were as comfortable as Berns is with the distinction between liberty and license. Madison wrote: "The distinction between liberty and licentiousness is still a repetition of the Protean doctrine of implication . . . ever ready to work its end by varying its shape."

APART from these historical considerations, Berns's forceful argument requires three qualifications. First, the teaching and tradition represented by the Holmes dissent in *Abrams* are neither as pernicious as they seem nor have they lacked substantial support from other

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authorities. One might add, as well, that to Holmes the idea of the free marketplace was itself a republican principle, a principle that is clearly not subject to the will of the majority. Brandeis, Frankfurter, and others shared and defended this point of view. Marshall regarded the tolerance of the highly offensive, impolite, and indecorous as a "calamity," but as a "calamity incident to the nature of liberty." The dangers of not subscribing to something like the *Abrams* notion are realized by Berns himself, who, in his desire not to "tolerate the intolerant," moves uncomfortably close to the doctrine of "repressive tolerance" enunciated by Herbert Marcuse. The fruits of this doctrine were seen in the late 60's, when free speech was denied on college campuses and elsewhere to government spokesmen and to those whose ideas dissented from the then-reigning ideology.

There is, moreover, a problem with Berns's invitation to the Court to take a more active role in the maintenance of civility. While he urges the states and the federal government to exercise more freely the power to punish a variety of forms of unwholesome speech, he recognizes that this exercise of power will be abused. His recommendation, therefore, is that the Court play a larger and more active role. But surely the Court is already doing too much.

FINALLY, Berns offers no evidence for his proposition that the Supreme Court plays a substantial role in the nurture of republican principles by affecting the moral disposition of the people. Do people really become lascivious because the Court refuses to take pornography off the stands? Even apart from the fact that the Founders explicitly rejected the role of morals-keeper for the Court, is it true that the Court is or can be as influential a moral or counter-moral force as Berns claims? As in the remark about homosexuality that was made at the time of the Wolfenden Committee Report, pornography and indecorousness are not compulsory. It would seem that the choices and actions of individuals, including parents, teachers, and (as

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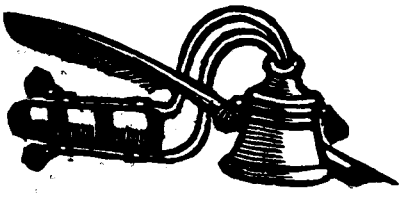

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Berns too notes) college professors, have more to do with the nurture of decency than anything the Court does or can do. The kind of decent, wholesome society that Berns wants to see is probably not, in the end, likely to be either brought into being or killed off by Supreme Court decisions concerning freedom of speech. As Paul Freund has observed, "Regeneration comes from within."

Poetry & Politics

MEMOIRS. By PABLO NERUDA. Translated by Hardie St. Martin. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 370 pp. $11.95.*

Reviewed by MARK FALCOFF

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, as Cardinal Newman once confessed, is an exercise in self-justification. Ours is an age sorely pressed for alibis, and neither publishers nor public seem to tire of reading the "extenuating circumstances" which purportedly explain everything from personal indiscretions (Kay Summersby Morgan) to genocide (Albert Speer). Few autobiographies nowadays can be said to be "honest," but this does not mean that they cannot be revealing—even devastatingly so—a point that is brought home in an especially poignant way by the posthumous memoirs of Pablo Neruda, the Chilean poet and Nobel laureate. Neruda's career was not confined to literary work and personal relationships; instead, it crossed and recrossed the terrain of politics and ideology, which he saw as a natural extension of his artistic vocation. That Neruda expected his private person to be judged by his public morals, is clear enough. What is far less clear, however, is whether those morals as revealed in these autobiographical pages, are worthy of praise.

Pablo Neruda was born Neftalí Ricardo Reyes Basoalto in 1904 in southern Chile, where he spent his boyhood. His father, a railroad employee, was a matter-of-fact petit bourgeois, who, like most Chileans of this class, placed a high value on education. Young Neftalí displayed literary promise early in life; at age thirteen his first poem was published in a provincial newspaper, and he continued to write copiously throughout his late adolescent years. At age seventeen his father sent him to Santiago to study for a career as a French teacher. About this time the young man adopted the pen name Pablo Neruda, presumably to avoid having to discuss with his father the way he was really spending his time in the Chilean capital.

After several years of a precarious existence as a bohemian poet, in 1924 he published *Veinte poemas de amor y una canción desesperada* ("Twenty Love Poems and a Desperate Song"), which propelled him to immediate fame. This book and several others that immediately followed brought him to the favorable attention of the Chilean establishment, which was accustomed to rewarding promising literary figures with positions in the consular service. In 1927 Neruda was posted to Rangoon, thence to Colombo (1928), Batavia (Java) (1930), Singapore (1931), Barcelona (1934), and Madrid (1935). Except for the last two, these appointments were purely honorific; there was little work for a Chilean diplomat in these places, and in fact Neruda was not expected to do anything more than cultivate his literary muse, which he did with exemplary industry.

Neruda always liked to say that the turning point of his life came with his tour of duty in Spain, where he found a political faith. His friendship with some leading Spanish literary figures—particularly Federico García Lorca—led him to ardent support of the republican cause on the outbreak of the civil war, a position which he later claimed resulted in his dismissal from the consular service. Whatever the facts, it is from this period of his life that he became identified with left-wing causes, and began to compose political verse, the most important of which (and certainly the best) was *España en el corazón* ("Spain in my Heart," 1938). After the civil war he spent some time in Paris processing visas for republican

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refugees who chose to emigrate to Chile, and after a brief visit home in 1940 he was appointed consul general in Mexico.

In 1943 he returned to Chile and formally joined the Communist party, under whose banner he was elected to the Chilean Senate two years later. When the government of Gabriel González Videla turned against the Communists, the poet went into hiding, but later escaped, going first to Argentina and then to Europe, where he spent several years in comfortable exile, making several journeys to the Soviet Union. There he served on the selection committee of the Lenin (later Stalin) prize, a preferment which came his own way in 1953.

In 1955 he established a permanent home in Chile, although in succeeding years he made many trips abroad, in connection with both his poetry and his politics. In 1965 he became the first South American ever to be awarded an honorary degree by Oxford University; the following year he received an ecstatic welcome in New York during the International Congress of PEN Clubs. Honors at home followed. In 1969 the Chilean Communist party designated him their presidential candidate for the 1970 elections, a distinction he eventually declined in favor of his friend Salvador Allende. Following the latter's election, Neruda was named Chilean ambassador to France, and in 1971 he was awarded the Nobel prize for literature. Two years later, terminally ill, he returned to Chile, where he died twelve days after the coup which deposed his country's Marxist government.

THIS is the story in outline found in the pages of Neruda's *Memoirs*. But also found there, and not even between the lines, is the history of an utterly unscrupulous opportunist. To put no great gloss on the matter, Neruda was a spoiled child of the liberal capitalist order, who like most spoiled children managed to have his cake and eat it too. He does not seem particularly embarrassed to tell us how he used aristocratic acquaintances in Santiago to garner access to ministerial antechambers and a government sinecure; the same Chilean elite

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whom he later vilified as an enemy of culture was perspicacious enough to know (and finance) a good thing when they saw it—with no questions asked and no conditions imposed. In later years, Neruda was profuse in his admiration for the Soviet Union, China, Cuba, North Korea, and North Vietnam, but he preferred to spend most of his time abroad in the artistic capitals of supposedly decadent Western Europe. His forays into socialist territory were restricted to brief visits, where (to judge by what he himself says) the principal attraction was the epicurean cuisine. In one unforgettable passage he tells us with unfeigned delight of a meal experienced in "the most exclusive restaurant in the world"—in, of all places, Peking. It had but one table, and the waiters were descendants of the imperial family. The entrees included "a shower of cherry blossoms, a rainbow of bamboo salad, hundred-year-old eggs, the lips of a young she-shark." A theoretical enemy of private property, Neruda was an incessant collector of exquisite articles—rare sea shells, vintage wines, old editions and prints, antiques—no vice in itself, but no less aristocratic a preoccupation when practiced by a self-proclaimed revolutionary. When he returns to Burma years after the British have left, the first thing he notices is that the streets are no longer as clean as they were under the Raj.

Far more appalling than his personal contradictions, however, is Neruda's amoral approach to politics, in which the scale of values is exempt from the law of gravity. One can appreciate the motives which inspired him to support the Spanish Republic and to oppose Nazi Germany, but—to put it mildly—one need not have been a Marxist to do either. (Not surprisingly, there is not a single reference in this book to the Hitler-Stalin Pact.) His decision to join the Communist party he explains by quoting Curzio Malaparte to the effect that in Chile one must take sides, "with the Cadillacs or with the people who have no schooling or shoes"—a grotesque distortion of the range of political alternatives available at the time.

There is much stylized anguish expressed here about the evils of McCarthyism in the United States, but the physical disappearance of writers in China and the Soviet Union is reported in much the same tone as changes in the weather. When Khrushchev finally attacks Stalin in his "secret speech" to the Twentieth Congress of the Communist party of the Soviet Union, Neruda is able to jog his memory and connect certain untoward (and for him, hitherto inexplicable) events with the evils of the personality cult. This requires him to concede that he himself contributed to that cult with his poetry, but at the same time it relieves him of having to confront the deeper political and moral issues involved.

" 'Beauty is truth, truth, beauty,'—that is all/Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." Those lines of Keats, less than two centuries old, seem far more remote from our age than they really are. For one of the most characteristic phenomena of this century is surely the degree to which poetry and political decency have strayed one from the other—Ezra Pound, Bertolt Brecht, Gerhart Hauptmann, Knut Hamsun—the list, unfortunately, is virtually endless. One might well say, of course, that poets are people too, and like everyone else they can make mistakes, even serious political mistakes. This is true as far as it goes, but the fact remains that for an astounding number of literate people in the United States and elsewhere, poets are not ordinary folk but oracles. Few people would probably be convinced that white is black and black is white if they were offered a pamphlet on the subject by, say, Herbert Aptheker. But from Pablo Neruda, a Nobel laureate and author of (among other things) some really sublime verse, it is a proposition which must be considered seriously, especially if it arrives clothed in a luxurious dust jacket and draped in all the elegant paraphernalia of which American book publishing is capable. People are afraid to criticize a poet for fear of being labeled enemies of culture, forgetting that in its most elementary aspects culture is the proper concern of ordinary (non-poetic) human beings. And they forget, too, that through vanity and vainglory, poets can easily betray their own vocation. This is surely not the message Pablo Neruda would have us derive from his memoirs, but for those who are not afraid to declare what it is that they see in front of them, it is the obvious conclusion.

East-West

Survey: A Journal of East and West Studies. 100th Issue. Edited by Leopold Labedz. *Oxford University Press. 339 pp. $8.00.*

Reviewed by Carl Gershman

The publication of the 100th issue of *Survey* magazine is a noteworthy event, both because it is a milestone in the history of this distinguished journal of East-West studies, and because the issue itself is of exceptional value. Entitled "The Future of East-West Relations," the current *Survey* appears at a moment of deepening anxiety in the West. Disillusion with détente and alarm over the Soviet arms build-up, increasing unrest in Eastern Europe and aroused interest in the West in human rights, the growing strength of West European Communist parties and the spread of Marxist-Leninist states in southern Africa—these are but some of the factors which make the subject of East-West relations the central and most critical problem of our day, even if, according to the conventional wisdom, the cold war is now behind us.

No journal is better qualified than *Survey* to assess the present trends in East-West relations. Owing to the broad political interests and unique talents of its editor, Leopold Labedz, *Survey* has, since its founding in 1955, provided an extraordinarily comprehensive analysis of world Communism. It has frequently called attention to new trends, such as the Sino-Soviet split or the spread of revisionist thought in Eastern Europe, years before they became generally ac-

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knowledged in the West. It took an early interest in the movement of intellectual and literary dissent in the USSR, introducing to English-speaking audiences the work of Andrei Sinyavsky and Andrei Amalrik and publishing for the first time in English essays and *samizdat* texts by Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov, Bukovsky, and Nadezhda Mandelstam, among others. Beyond this, it has published scores of important pieces on the history and ideology of Communism, and in recent years it has devoted increased attention to the factors accounting for the West's failure to understand, or to respond adequately to, the Communist challenge.

The current book-length issue contains forty-eight contributions, most of them part of a symposium on the future of East-West relations. While the contributors to the symposium are not of a single mind on détente—a few find more value in it than do Robert Conquest, Richard Pipes, Leonard Schapiro, and most others—some basic themes emerge. There is no talk whatsoever of convergence between East and West, or any feeling that the ideological hostility of the Soviet Union to the West is diminishing. As Richard Lowenthal observes, such hostility "is institutionalized as part of the legitimation of Leninist party rule." At the same time, there is general agreement that Communist ideology is regarded with the utmost cynicism by virtually everyone in the Soviet bloc, in marked and ironic contrast to the revival of interest in Marxist and Marxist-Leninist ideas in the West.

Ideological bankruptcy is but one of the problems faced by the Soviet leaders. Many of the *Survey* contributors emphasize the severity of the Soviet Union's well-known internal problems: a rigid and technologically backward economic system, growing dissent, unrest among the non-Russian nationalities of the Soviet empire, and an overstretched foreign policy which must keep Eastern Europe under control while contending with rivals to the West (the U.S. and Western Europe) and to the East (China). There is an obvious opportunity here if the West (meaning to all intents and purposes the U.S.) adopts policies which exploit these weaknesses, or at the very least if it resists the temptation to purchase Soviet good will with concessions that strengthen the Russians economically or militarily. A weaker policy, on the other hand, could encourage the Soviet leaders to try to escape from internal crises through expansion. The contribution of Zbigniew Brzezinski, now President Carter's National Security Adviser, is significant in this respect, for he emphasizes both the need to convince the Russians of our political will and military preparedness and the importance of pursuing a policy that would promote polycentrism in the Communist world, particularly with regard to Eastern Europe.

The point of view that emerges from the *Survey* symposium is that,

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despite the suicidal tendencies of the Left and the Spenglerian pessimism of the recent U.S. Secretary of State, there is some cause for hope. In a fascinating historical analogy, Bernard Lewis reminds us that during the 16th century it seemed to many as if "the centralized, disciplined power of the Turk was overwhelming and that Christian Europe, weak, divided, and irresolute, was doomed." In fact, he writes, "The great age of the Eastern empires was past; the great age of Christian Europe was just beginning." Even the most pessimistic observers in *Survey*, such as Leonard Schapiro, are convinced that the West can reverse its decline and gain the advantage against the Russians if, in the words of Adam B. Ulam, it "puts its own house in order, achieves greater unity, and regains self-confidence." Of course this is much easier said than done, but simply having this said by writers who share none of the currently fashionable illusions about Communism is in itself a step toward renewed self-confidence.

Many of the writers in *Survey* analyze and agonize over the moral hypocrisy, the "self-induced blindness," and the totalitarian sympathies of the Left intelligentsia. There is very little left to say on this subject that has not already been said, which makes Raymond Aron's essay on Jean-Paul Sartre all the more remarkable for its power and clarity. What Aron calls the tendency to "justify evil by justifying the justification of it," to justify, in other words, "the practice of committing crimes in the name of ideology," is so widespread on the Left (especially in Europe) as to lead one to the conclusion that only a thorough rethinking of fundamental ideological assumptions can salvage the intellectual Left as a force for decency in the world. A point of departure, suggested by Sakharov and reiterated by many of the contributors to *Survey*, would be to recognize that the practice, common to both the Left and the Right, of thinking of world politics in terms of a struggle between socialism and capitalism has lost all value, not least since both terms obscure the social realities they are intended to describe.

THE process of ideological reevaluation has already been started by intellectuals exiled from or still living in the Communist world who are exceedingly skeptical of all ideological claims. Some of the best of these thinkers appear in this issue of *Survey*. Milovan Djilas states unequivocally that "By virtue of its basic humanistic qualities, the West is today incomparably closer to the classic—indeed, Marxist, if you wish—socialist teaching than is the East. 'Eastern' bureaucratic 'socialism' is in every respect inferior to democratic 'capitalism.' I have never said this before in such a direct way." Djilas affirms his agreement with Leszek Kolakowski, the exiled Polish philosopher. An early revisionist who once believed that it was possible to change the Communist system through the party, Kolakowski has recently come to the view that "the concept of a non-totalitarian Communism" is the same as "the idea of fried snowballs." Adam Michnik, Kolakowski's successor among the dissident Polish intelligentsia, writes that the death of the revisionist illusion has not led to a loss of hope, for efforts are now being mounted to pressure the party from the outside through an alliance of workers and intellectuals supported by the Catholic Church.

Some of the essays in *Survey* have a special value apart from the main theme of the symposium. Albert Wohlstetter carefully picks apart the popular belief that the U.S. is engaged in an "arms race" with the Russians by comparing our steadily declining expenditures on strategic forces over the last two decades with their steadily increasing expenditures. Alexander Nekrich, a Soviet historian exiled to the West last year, tells of the arrest two weeks before Stalin's death of Ivan Maisky, Russia's wartime ambassador to Britain. Nekrich, a student and close personal associate of Maisky, links the arrest to preparations then under way for the purge of Molotov, whom Stalin had suspected of disloyalty. In another essay, Andrei Sinyavsky describes the practice of self-mutilation by Soviet labor-camp inmates as a desperate means of communication with society. Sinyavsky's account of the suffering of these prisoners has startling power because it is told in the most simple and matter-of-fact way. How else could he hope to explain to Western readers something that is totally outside their range of experience and comprehension?

The London *Daily Telegraph* recently expressed the hope that "*Survey* will produce at least another hundred issues in the next twenty years." It seemed likely, until very recently, that the current 100th issue would be the last. Now it appears that *Survey* will have the resources to continue to publish, at least for the immediate future.

The growth of academic institutions of Soviet studies in recent decades has been accompanied by the publication of other journals in the field. But none can replace *Survey*, which has achieved a rare balance of intellectual discipline and political engagement. Its approach to the study of Communism has been informed by a sense of history, an understanding of politics, and above all by a commitment to freedom. The West's ability to sustain such qualities in its political culture is not unrelated to its capacity for revival, which lends a larger significance to the fate of *Survey*.

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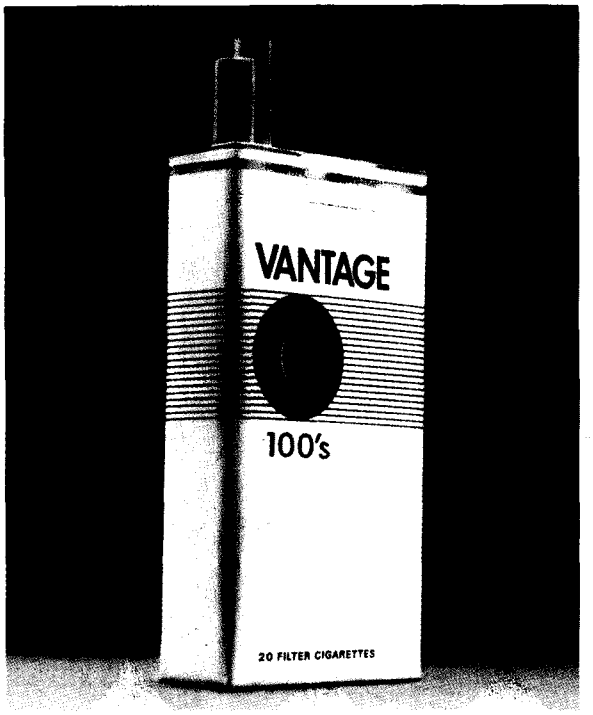

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